Week ending November 22 1958

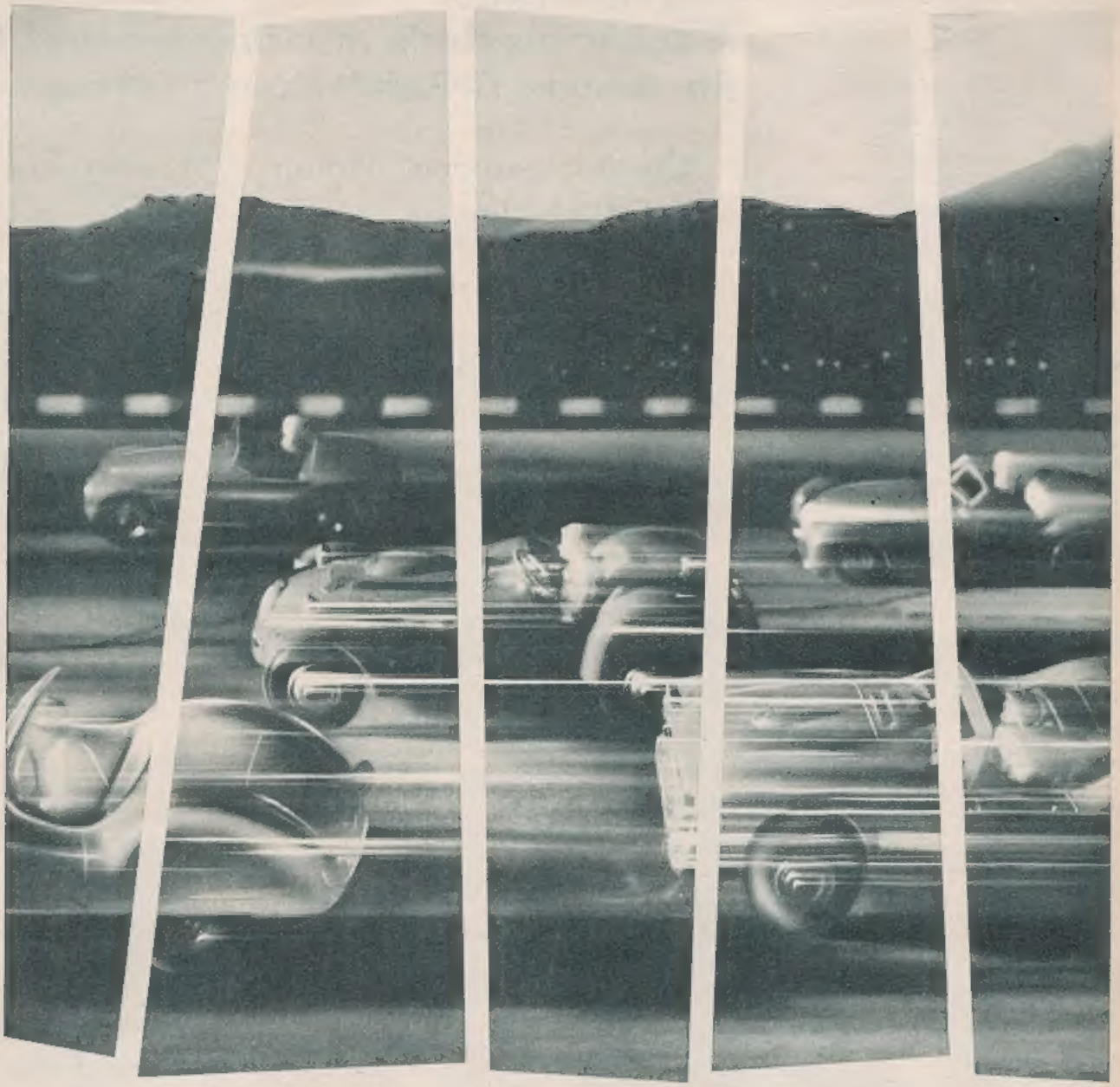
JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED

EVERY WEDNESDAY 4½d

Begins inside: THE YOUNG DEVILS
A schoolmaster's amazing account of life among Britain's tough teenagers

Another superb Modern Masterpiece in full colour by VINCENT VAN GOGH

IS FRANCE GOING FASCIST? **by Michael Foot**



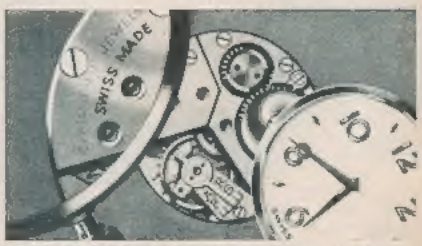
How to split a second

IF PRECISE TIME hangs in the balance—as it often does for doctors, technicians, engineers and sportsmen—you would be better off to trust a jewelled-lever Swiss Chronograph.

It splits seconds into five equal parts—or ten —with *inhuman* accuracy. And then goes merrily on to measure speed, sound and distance.

Making time serve all masters is the more than 300-year-old art of the Swiss watchmaker. The result is an unbroken parade of developments in time. Watches that resist water and jarring shock; that wind themselves and buzz alarms. Dainty, coin-thin watches for the most fastidious man, and gem-studded beauties to delight a woman's eye. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*

Whatever it is you demand of time, the watchmakers of Switzerland are ready with a watch for every need, for every occasion. Ask your jeweller to help you choose the Swiss jewelled-lever watch *you* need. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*



It's the combination that matters—the word "Swiss" on the watch *plus* the *jewelled-lever* movement inside. Your jeweller can tell you why this combination guarantees you a truly fine watch.

THE SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

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The Cover

It's always the same with parents. You can't trust them to stay still when they are lost. And it's all too easy to mislay them when you are only hip-high to a dressmaker's dummy and your mother has changed her coat three times in as many minutes. Luckily, emergencies are all in the day's work to an old soldier like Chittock's cover doorman. If one parent (new-coated, parcel-loaded) isn't on parade in two minutes flat he'll call in his reserves (jelly babies—infants, for the soothing of).

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Defenceless

I HAVE been a member of the civil defence service for three years. But the fear that really keeps me awake at nights has nothing to do with the H-bomb. The real threat to the world today are the new techniques being developed in the totalitarian countries for the enslavement of the minds of conquered peoples.

There is now no shadow of doubt that any man can have his mind wiped clean of all he believes in and any outlook favoured by his conquerors substituted.

But I have yet to see evening classes devoted to the psychological defences of this, our final bastion of freedom.

You can call me a crank if you like, but I know just what can happen to the minds of men.

I have seen their principles and their reasoning powers distorted so that their whole personalities change and they become hideous shadows of their original selves.

How do I know? I was brainwashed in Korea.—P. J., Hampstead, London.

Prestige Blow?

With the introduction of diesel locomotives on our railways, many people are hoping that it is not intended to withdraw the splendid streamlined Pacific locomotives from the world's longest daily nonstop run between London and Edinburgh.

It would be a bitter disappointment to thousands of railway enthusiasts, and a blow to our prestige in engineering achievement.—P. B. ROBERTSON, Parkhead Terrace, Edinburgh, 2.

"In the interests of efficiency," says British Railways' Eastern Region, "the aim is to replace all locomotives by diesel-electric or electric."

The Times says:

"Sometimes wild, often uncharitable, but always compulsively readable."

—now see page 12

Still Needed

The statement by the Ministry of Health ("Free Speech," October 25) on identity cards is correct. But Health Service executive councils would be handicapped in their work of registering people on the lists of practitioners, if patients were led to believe that the old national registration number is no longer of use.

When a patient is unable to quote an identity card number, a National Health Service number is given. There is then a possibility that the patient may be on one doctor's list under his identity card number, and on another doctor's list under his new N.H.S. number.—C. S. BANGAY, London Executive Council, National Health Service.

Hi, There!

In the old days a natural mark of respect was for a man to raise his hat when meeting another person. But now the majority of men do not wear hats.

There should be some other way of saluting a senior man. The handshake is useless, for it usually implies a friendly familiarity.—J. H. Talbot Road, Knowle, Bristol, 4.

Quick March

A cockney friend who served with the Durham Light Infantry says

that it is the fastest marching regiment in the British Army. Is this so?—W. J. M., Boreham Wood.

"There's no difference between the marching pace of the D.L.I. and any other light infantry regiment," says the War Office. "They all do 140 steps a minute quick time, and 180 double time. Those speeds were laid down in 1932."

Fare Play

As the mother of two young children, I would like to know why public transport undertakings do not standardize the age at which children must pay for transport.

For example, in Liverpool any child of five or over must pay a fare on the buses. But railways and ferries stipulate the age of three as the minimum for paying a fare.—MRS. J. BLEVIN, Rathbone Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.

"Concessions for children and others can't be changed except by Act of Parliament," says the Public Transport Association.

Spoiling Tactics

Whenever I read of highly successful men I find such words as "determined to get his own way at any cost," or "outspoken and even downright rude when the occasion demands."

It occurs to me that I may be doing my sons a grave disservice by trying to bring them up without spoiling them. For I wonder whether, by teaching them that they cannot always expect their own way, I am harming their future.

Would it be worth my while to spoil them now if, by so doing, I can assure their success in the cut-throat world known as "the top"?—N. V. KING, Edgarley Mews, Glastonbury, Somerset.

"Heroic" Manuel

Your article on Peter Manuel, the mass murderer, threw light on his background. But it does not explain why he has become something of a hero among many Scottish teenagers.

A schoolmaster friend was telling me that several of his girl pupils carry photographs of Manuel. And one fifteen-year-old has a prized possession—a lock of hair, alleged to be his. She bought it in Glasgow for five shillings.—J. W., Church Street, Carnoustie, Angus.

TV Worship

It is claimed that it is wrong for children to take lucky charms to the examination room, since this is a Christian country ("Free Speech," November 1). But it is Christian in name only, for only a small proportion go to church.

I imagine that the god of most schoolchildren is TV, and that of their elders the Great Pound Sterling.—VINCENT POWELL-SMITH, Westerham, Kent.

Cheap Crime

The value of money has fallen during the past twenty years, but fines imposed by the courts seem little changed. Crime may not pay, but it is getting a lot cheaper.—T. W. BURDON, Larkspur Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Poll Penalty

A friend of mine received a form requiring particulars for the electoral register. He put it aside and forgot about it.

Now he has received another form and a notice which says: "Failure to complete and return this form within forty-eight hours is punishable by a fine of up to £20."

Is this really so?—JOHN BLUNDELL, Isca Road, Caerleon, Newport, Mon.

"It certainly is," says a political agent. "The penalty is laid down

The things you say about Harding....

Gilbert Harding has expressed exactly my feelings on the silly gossip about the Duke of Kent.—MRS. BUCKLEY, Knousley, Springhead, near Oldham.

. . . What a marvellous spokesman he makes for all right-thinking people.—MRS. MERCIA HUNT, Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

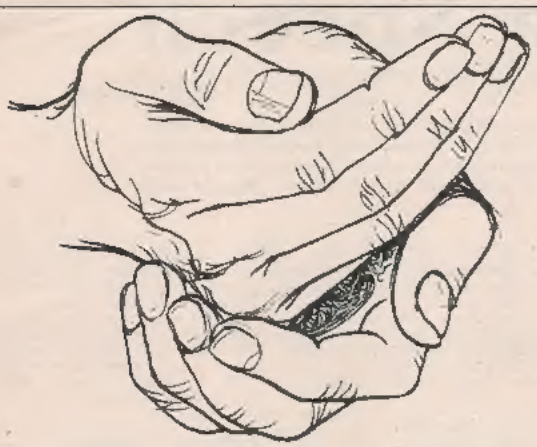
. . . A wonderful article on the colour bar.—B. M. S., Altrincham, Cheshire.

. . . That silly and dogmatic man shoots off his mouth about the colour bar.—A. W. CAMERON, Bath Street, Glasgow.

. . . He asks why we can't leave the Duke alone—then cashes in with a page about him.—A. C. KING, Spennithorne Road, Stockton-on-Tees.

. . . He's a clacking busybody.—W. GILLESPIE, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

This week's article by Gilbert Harding, "I Wish We Had More Like Them," is on page 14



rub your hands with enjoyment . . .

Take a slice of Player's Medium Navy Cut; rub it in your hands. Smell the richness. Fill your pipe. *Then* you'll discover that *fresh-rubbed* Player's Medium, made from matured tobacco, has an *extra* flavour. Ask for Player's Medium in the vacuum-sealed tin to be sure of ever fresh enjoyment.

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1 ounce airtight tin 4/11½

[NCT 2060]

there's nothing like a long Martell

THE LONG DRINK WITH GINGER ALE OR SODA

Make friends with MARTELL

COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

Electrically heated underfelt. A gentle real heat coming from beneath the carpet will greatly add to your sense of warmth at floor level where you really want it. Thermalay electrically heated underfelt will provide this at the touch of a switch. The underfelt is absolutely safe, because each wire is insulated with a very hard plastic—even a direct hit from a nail would glance off. Heat is regulated never to exceed a safe limit. In various sizes, from 3 yd. by 1 yd., prices from £12 from your local Electricity Board or electrical retailers.

Cleaning tip. To clean old parchment lampshades, use white furniture cream on a soft cloth.

Leather restorer. Leather upholstery no longer in tip-top condition can be restored by painting it with Nuagane leather lacquer. This flexible coating, which puts a new surface on leather or Rexine, dries in fifteen minutes. You can also use it to change the colour of dingy car upholstery. In twenty-four colours, Nuagane costs 6s. for a half-pint tin, which covers about fifteen square feet, from ironmongers or the manufacturers, Nuagane Products, Ltd., 19 Soho Square, London, W.1.

A place for everything. Screw a cup hook to the end of your washing-up mop and hang it near the sink. It will always be at hand, and will keep sweet and dry, thus prolonging its life.

New upholstery. A revolutionary fabric from Courtaulds' laboratories is Duracour, which has a texture reminiscent of horsehair, and numbers amongst its qualities fire and dirt resistance. It is also water-repellent, extremely hard-wearing, moth and insect repellent and made in ten absolutely fast colours. In eighteen designs, Duracour costs 17s. 6d. a yard.

Gilt picture frames often become very dingy and fly-blown with age. You can clean them and restore their condition by working over the surface with a cut onion.

Low price furniture. An armless suite of settee and two chairs at a very low cost is the Mini-Q Suite, made by the Rest Assured Upholstery Co., Ltd., of Bembridge Drive, Kingsthorpe, Northampton. Available in many different materials, the set costs from 16 gns. to £28 15s. The classic design with curved sprung seat and back would be at home in any modern or traditional setting.

Food protection. Keep pests out of the larder by scrubbing shelves, skirtings, window frames, etc., with carbolic soap or a strong disinfectant. Next time you paint use "Lakil" insect repellent paint, which discourages insects. The repellent properties last as long as the paint. "Lakil" costs 6s. for ¼ pint gloss paint and 5s. 6d. for ¼ pint clear, from Paints and Varnishes, Ltd., 53 Chase Side, London, N.14.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a home-making problem I shall be glad to help you if you will write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o JOHN BULL AND ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Free Speech

continued from page 3

under Regulation Seventy, of the Representation of the People Regulations, 1950."

. . . It seems that we are to have more motor cars to take voters to the polling stations. It would be far better if existing postal voting facilities were extended.

At present, postal voting may be allowed to members of the Services, to civilians whose business calls them away from home, and to persons who are physically unable to get to the polling booths.

But unexpected factors can prevent people from voting. Postal votes should be available to all who want them.—A. D. CORRICK, Hampshire Court, Bournemouth.

Fine Feathers

Is there any domestic implement as efficient as a goose wing? If so, I would like to know where to buy it.

Years ago, these wings were in great demand by country housewives at Christmas feathering time. They were used for cleaning between the springs of mattresses and other places which are difficult to reach.

I am offered all sorts of wonderful looking brushes in nylon and plastic. But I long for some enterprising salesman to call at my door offering a few lovely goose wings. Then I may be able to clean the back of my refrigerator.—MRS. H. FARRIER, Hillbrow, Letchworth.

Total Eclipse?

To me, the recent Motor Show emphasized the gradual disappearance of cars with sunshine roofs.

Is this because it is felt that our English summers do not justify car roofs which open? If so, I feel it is a pity.

In any case, sunshine roofs must be appreciated in other countries where the weather is better.—JOHN V. HUTCHINSON, Boroughbridge Road, Northallerton, Yorkshire.

"Sunshine roofs weaken the structure of the car and put up the total cost considerably," says the Society of British Motor Manufacturers. "And there's no great demand for them."

Out Of Stock

Shopkeepers seem determined that we shall live far in the future. To prove this, it is only necessary to try to buy anything out of season—or even at the end of the season in which it is used.

Recently I took a late sailing

'Quality Street'
made by Mackintosh's !
Quality Street
Mackintosh's
Quality Street
TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES

There's an

INGERSOLL

INGERSOLL

for everyone

For men, for women, for boys, for girls—there's an Ingersoll to suit every taste, every need, every pocket. Good-looking, hardwearing, reliable—fully tested and fully guaranteed. Ask your Jeweller to show you his Ingersoll range—there are over 100 models at prices everyone can afford.

JEWELS ARE ESSENTIAL

for wrist watch accuracy. That's why your Jeweller recommends jewelled Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL

AT YOUR JEWELLERS

EVERY MODEL IS COVERED BY THE FAMOUS ALL-IN FREE-SERVICE GUARANTEE— EVEN AGAINST ACCIDENTAL BREAKAGE

Write for illustrated price list: Ingersoll Ltd., 202, New North Road, London, N.1

Free Speech

continued from page 4

holiday and wanted a pair of rope-soled canvas shoes. At every shop I was told: "Sorry, they're spring stock. We haven't had any since May or June."

Women's clothes are a particularly glaring example. By the end of August it is impossible to buy a summer dress. The windows are full of tweeds and overcoats while the temperature is in the eighties.—O. V. V., Fulham, London.

"Stock is dictated by demand," says a large London store. "We can't afford to keep seasonal goods merely on the off-chance of serving one belated customer."

On The Beat

As a policeman's wife, I was infuriated by the criticism of the men on the beat ("Free Speech," November 1).

My husband is young, but he is certainly not arrogant. And his work is his life.

The police all over the country are doing their job well, although most forces are below strength.

I wonder how many times a perfectly sober crowd has stood by and watched a solitary policeman being beaten up by a crazy gang of youths, without anyone bothering to telephone for help. I know that it happens everywhere.

As a result, when my husband is on duty I sit waiting in fear for a knock on the door and a call to the hospital. And that applies to many other policemen's wives.—A. P. W., London, S.E.22.

. . . My husband took me shopping in our small car. We parked opposite a grocery store and immediately a young policeman told us to move.

"Where to?" my husband asked, thinking that there might be an unrestricted area nearby.

The policeman said slowly: "I could tell you, sir, but I'm not allowed to."

Had that remark been made by our two teenage children they would probably have had their ears cuffed. So why must we accept it from an officer of the law, who in this case was not much older than our children.—Mrs. B. L. Oldland, Honeybourne Road, Sheldon, Birmingham, 33.

Milton Shulman, in the *Evening Standard*, says:

"One of the most revealing, most outspoken, most readable self-portraits of a military leader ever written . . ."

Now see page 12

Hollow Speed

The suggestion that the use of larger bricks would speed building ("Free Speech," October 25) reminds me that a similar idea is used in Germany.

There they employ hollow concrete blocks and dress the outside wall with cement.

As a result, German buildings certainly take shape much more quickly than ours.—G. Golding, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, 20.

. . . As a bricklayer, I know that the time taken to lay mortar is the main factor involved when building times are discussed.—J. Moore, Whitehead, Co. Antrim.

"The use of hollow concrete blocks is common in Germany," says the Building Research Station "but it is sometimes used here, too." It's not always faster than the brick method because difficult handling problems are sometimes involved."

A Failure?

Some time ago our main post office installed a machine for the issue of postal orders. Loud claims were made for it. We were told that many others were to follow throughout the country.

The advantage of the machine lay in the fact that it could easily be set by the operator to print the denomination of order required.

But now our machine has vanished, which suggests that it has failed to live up to its reputation.

Is that device being withdrawn from post offices throughout the country?—William John, Newport, Mon.

"Five of these machines are on trial in various parts of the country," says the G.P.O. "The model at Newport developed a fault and was temporarily withdrawn."

Trench Service

The repeated disruption of road surfaces for access to electricity and phone cables, gas and water mains, costs us a lot of money.

I suggest deep, brick-lined trenches at the side of the roads. Shelves in the trenches would house

the various cables and pipes. Surface water would fall into the main drain at the bottom of the trenches.

Of course, a combined Public Services and Utilities Board would be necessary to make this scheme operative. But can one really visualize one executive where there are now five or six?—Godfrey F. Pullen, Newberries Avenue, Radlett, Hertfordshire.

Colour Clash

I liked Zelinski's cover of the young couple admiring the very modern wallpaper (John Bull, November 1). But *are* young marrieds so adventurous?

Some of the happiest and most successful contemporary schemes in decoration and furnishing have been "hatched up" by middle-aged persons who have had enough of playing safe.

After twenty years of housekeeping I have plunged on french grey and citron yellow for my decorations. They are a tonic to me.

But a girl who is soon to be married told me happily about the colours chosen for her new home. They are cream, mushroom, beige and brown—the good old stuff that I was landed with twenty years ago. —Mrs. J. Pownall, Glen Hills, Leicester.

Long Rest

Bed bases in Scotland are eight inches shorter than those in England ("Free Speech," November 1). But the average Scot is only half an inch smaller than the normal Englishman. I assume that the Englishman is longer in bed. —B. C. Milne, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham.

Beauty and balance

As beautiful and as gracefully poised as an ice ballerina, the brilliant CONSUL DE LUXE brings you a perfect balance of today's most-wanted motoring qualities . . . crisp, clean, two-tone lines . . . effortless, exhilarating power (plus 4-cylinder economy!) . . . 'wide-screen' view front and back . . . *comfort* unequalled in its class, with big, deep-cushioned seats which provide a uniquely spacious and luxurious glide-ride for six! Add enormous boot, deep-pile carpets, pleasing, practical *de luxe* details throughout . . . today's most *remarkable-value-for-money* car is the restful, zestful CONSUL DE LUXE!

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Stranger in Barrasay

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Harry Roberts had a secret—and it meant death when he stole my girl

I WANT my children to get a good education. You might say it doesn't matter much to a boy who's going to be a fisherman and a girl whose life will be spent keeping house for a man, but I say it does. I say life is a terrible, dangerous business for the young, and they need all the weapons they can get to protect themselves against it. Education is a weapon. I know one man who's dead now because he didn't have any.

Perhaps a couple of times a year I sit here like this, just looking out of the window. The children laugh and say: "Father's watching his boats, in case they sail away." But Jessie doesn't laugh. She knows why I sit here, and what I'm thinking. . . .

I am a man blessed in home, and wife, and children; a man honoured and respected in the place he lives in. My affairs have prospered. As I sit here, I can see my three sturdy boats lying against the quay. But even now, even after twenty years, there is still one dark memory that sometimes comes to haunt me.

This is the one picture I still see. It is winter, and there is fog. There is a fishing boat at sea. I hear the harsh and laboured breathing of two men struggling together on her deck. I hear a shout of fear, and see a man go spinning over the side.

In the past twenty years our little port of Barrasay has hardly changed. We are too isolated, on our far Caithness coast. We have dredged out the harbour, so that there is now deep water alongside the quay. And there is the new school on the hill. Over its entrance is carved: *This school building was erected through the generosity of John P. McAvoy, Fisherman, of Barrasay.*

THOSE were words I never wanted them to put there. But there hasn't been a happier or a prouder day in my life than the day when I first looked up and saw what they had carved. . . . Except, of course, the day I married Jessie.

I couldn't live without Jessie. I never have done. We have always been together, right from the time when we both used to attend together at the old wooden school, which used to stand where now the fine new stone one stands.

Miss Forbes, the minister's daughter, was the schoolmistress in those days. It was Miss Forbes who led us gently into the ways of reading and writing and doing sums. Mostly it was reading, in books like the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, with other books, like *The Wind In The Willows*, for fun.

Jessie's father and mine were Barrasay fishermen. Jessie's father owned the Northern Wave, and mine the Scotian Maid. Our families were close friends, and would be closer still when Jessie and I were married. It was an understood thing that we would be married one day. Our parents never doubted it, and neither did I.

So it went with us. Jessie and I left school. I started fishing with my father, while she helped her mother keep house at home. And soon we weren't children any more. I was past nineteen, and Jessie was nearly eighteen; a woman grown, and beautiful too.

Soon we would be married, and then Jessie would be keeping house for me. . . . Or so I thought; not knowing, never guessing for a moment, that there would be much grief for us and ours before our wedding day.

It was Jessie's eighteenth birthday, which comes in June, the nicest time of our year. And this year, on her birthday night, there was a party in the old school up on the hill.

It was a great evening. The girls were there in their best dresses, with Jessie in the centre of them all. And she was the prettiest of them all by far, in the new pale green dress she had been busy stitching for weeks. There was great eating and drinking, and much laughter and dancing, until the place shook with the noise and excitement of it all.

And I, God help me, enjoyed it all as much as anybody there. Jessie was so excited and happy that it made me feel good just to look at her. And if there was somebody else who danced with her more than I did that evening, I thought nothing of it, because he was a much better dancer than I, and Jessie loved dancing. And when I saw him smiling down at her as they danced, or saying something in her ear, I took no account of that either. Why should I? I knew Jessie, and I knew that not even a snake like Harry Roberts could tempt her.

ROBERTS was a new hand aboard the Maid, and already there was no love lost between us. But I never thought I'd have real trouble over him; certainly not trouble over Jessie. I had no inkling of it that night; no hint until a week later.

Then it was a good deal more than a hint. It was a blow between the eyes.

We were in harbour that day. It was a day off for the crew, but I spent the morning aboard with my father, helping him overhaul some gear. We worked until noon, and then went home to our dinner. Afterwards I went round to Jessie's house, thinking we might walk out a way along the cliff, it being a fine, warm summer afternoon.

But Jessie had already gone out by herself. So I wandered off the way I thought she might have gone, not thinking anything of it and only half looking for her, content just to enjoy the stretch of my legs along the land, after the long days cooped up at sea. . . .

I came upon them suddenly, with no warning at all. I topped a rise of the cliff, and saw them in a hollow beyond. Jessie was sitting back on the turf. And the face she was looking up into was Harry Roberts's. He was smiling down at her. And the terrible thing about it was that Jessie was smiling, too.

It was a shock, the worst shock of all my life, to see them there. And I would have turned and gone away, I think, if I could have gone without them knowing. But just then Harry happened to look up, and saw me. The smile went suddenly off his face, and I saw him mutter something, and then Jessie sat up and looked at me too.

I had to go on down then. And, as I went, I was seeing Jessie anew. For the first time in my life my heart ached at the sight of her prettiness, at her wind-blown, bright hair and sweet, clear young face, at the soft swell of her breasts under the thin dress she wore.

I went on down and Harry got to his feet, big, black-haired and swarthy. He was several years older and a lot taller and broader than me. It seemed a mile to where they were, but I got there at last. I turned my back on Harry and spoke to Jessie. I said: "I called for you just now, Jess, and your mother said you had gone out. I thought maybe you'd be somewhere along here."

Jessie didn't say anything.

I said: "I didn't know you'd have company."

Harry said: "And now you know different, perhaps you want to make something of it?"

"Perhaps." I felt my heart start hammering.

"What's the matter—she belong to you, or something?"

Harry stepped towards me as he

Suddenly I saw them, sitting in the hollow, and Jessie smiling at him. It was the worst shock of my life

Stranger in Barrasay

continued from page 8

spoke, and his big, hard hands were clenched into fists. I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been for Jessie. She gave a sudden little cry and scrambled to her feet and ran off along the cliff.

It took us both by surprise. Harry's head jerked round as she went. He unclenched his fists, and I dropped my own hands to my sides.

We just stood there and watched Jessie out of sight. Then I faced Harry again. "You leave her be," I said. "She doesn't want anything to do with you."

"That so?" Harry laughed, and it was a hard and scornful sound. "It didn't seem that way just now."

"You leave her be," I said again, and I turned away and left him there.

I don't know how far or where I walked that summer afternoon, the afternoon I'd thought I'd be spending with Jessie. There was a great confusion in my head. I kept seeing Harry Roberts leaning over Jessie as though he owned her; and what was worse by far, Jessie looking as though she wanted him to.

Roberts was a stranger in Barrasay. He'd come wandering up from the south two or three weeks before, and my father hired him because he said he'd worked on boats out of Aberdeen some time back. That could have been true, too, because he was a good hand. And at first my father was pleased, because just then we were very hard put to it for crew.

The rest of our boys disliked him from the start, and he disliked them. But it was me he really got his knife into, even before the trouble over Jessie. And, queerly, it was books that were the first cause of trouble between us. Strange things to cause trouble on a fishing boat? Well, it was so.

READING has always been one of the great loves of my life, thanks to Miss Forbes, who is now long dead and gone, God rest her gentle soul. Even in those days I used to spend a lot of my off-watch time aboard the Maid reading. But Harry only laughed at me, and boasted that he had never read a book in his life.

I can remember the time when he saw the row of books on the shelf over my bunk. I can see him, as plainly as though he were doing it this very moment, taking one of them down. It was a book that I treasured for sentimental reasons. It was Miss Forbes's own copy of *The Wind In The Willows*, the one she had read to us from at school, and which she had given me for a prize, because I'd always loved that story so much.

It was a special edition with a great many pictures in it. I can still see Harry turning over the pages and looking at the pictures. He said: "You mean you read this stuff?" and then he threw the open book face down on the bunk, and laughed as he went away. I picked it up to put it back, and some of the pages were crumpled. And it was then, before he'd ever met Jessie, that I came nearer to hating Harry Roberts than I had ever hated anyone in my life.

From that time on, Harry never missed a chance of mocking at me about my reading. He had no time for books himself, nor indeed for schooling of any kind. You could have felt sorry for him about that, about all he'd missed, but he used to boast about it. His mother had died when he was young, and he used to boast about how his father, who had been a shiftless longshoreman more often out of work than in, had never stayed in any one place long enough for any mealy-mouthed teacher to get his hooks into the son he dragged round with him.

No. Schooling was a thing for fools and namby-pambies, not for Harry Roberts. And he did not know—how could he, how could anybody possibly have known?—that that was the thing that was to bring about his death. . . .

Harry was two men, really. There was the one we knew aboard the Maid, the bully and the braggart. And there was the other one ashore; the one with women.

That was the more dangerous one by far. My mother, in her wise, woman's way, knew it the moment she set eyes on him. Oh—he was as soft as butter and as smooth as silk with her, as he was with every woman he met; but she knew that that smile and that voice and those dark, burly good looks were going to mean bad trouble for some woman some day, if they hadn't done so already.

Though even my mother couldn't know that that woman would be Jessie. . . .

Ah, Jessie! Now that Harry Roberts had come into her life she seemed so far away from me, and so different from the girl she had once been, a different person entirely.

Harry wanted her, wanted her badly; no doubt more than he'd ever wanted any woman before. And I, better than anybody, could understand that. What I could not understand was that Jessie should respond to him the way she did; for Harry Roberts was not the right sort of man for any good and wholesome woman, and least of all for Jessie.

I know now that it was a fever in her, a madness of her young blood, a stirring of some dark passion I'd never stirred in her. She wanted him, not happily, but desperately, knowing in her heart that it was all wrong, and that nothing good could ever come of it.

IT was a passion that frightened her. She turned from me to Harry, and yet she never left me altogether. Sometimes she came back and clung to me, as though she were terrified of letting Harry sweep her away. And God knows I was willing to hold her close and protect her against anyone. I pleaded with her at those times to marry me, but she would not. She only ran from me again, and the next time I saw her she would be taut and flouncing on Harry's arm.

The whole thing was a great distress to both our families, and a great scandal, too, in Barrasay. Harry could not keep his mouth shut about himself, and we had all heard enough by now about his life down in the docks and slums of Glasgow and Liverpool and Leith to know that he was no good, and never would be. But nobody knew what could be done about it. Quite a number of kindly people tried to warn Jessie about him, but she would not listen to them.

My father was very worried, and talked about firing Harry from the Maid, but I begged him not to do that. I knew that would only make a bad thing worse. I knew nobody else in Barrasay would give Harry a job, and I was terribly afraid that if he were driven away, Jessie would go with him.

BUT I knew, too, that things couldn't go on the way they were, and in the end I made up my mind to make one last big appeal to Jessie. The hard thing, though, was to know how to do it. It was not a thing I could do by talking to her. I had tried that and it had failed. What I needed was some new way.

After much worrying about it I decided to set it all out in a letter. Jessie would be able to read a letter without me or anybody else around to confuse her. And if I could only say well enough what I wanted to say. . . .

I wrote the letter. I wrote it at sea, and sent it up to Jessie's house by our ship's boy, Benny, as soon as the Maid got back to harbour.

All I could do then was wait. For each of the three days that we were ashore that time, I looked for a letter back to me, or for Jessie to come herself, though I had little in my heart save fear of what she might write or say. I didn't think I could bear to go off on another trip not knowing what her answer was.

But that was what happened. We had those three days ashore and then, on the fourth, we sailed. We sailed at dawn and, when I went aboard in the bleak greyness, I had still had no word.

And the worst thing yet was that Harry knew about my letter. He began taunting me about it and said Jessie had told him all about it.

I couldn't believe that at first. I couldn't believe that Jessie had done a thing like that. I was sure that Benny must have told him. But Harry knew what was in the letter, so it must have been Jessie that told him. And at last I realized the truth. Jessie would have told him, in the straight and honest way she had, because that was the way Jessie was.

Harry made the most of it. He wouldn't leave it alone. He jeered at me about it all the time we were getting ready for sea. It was more than any man could bear. . . .

We slipped and left harbour, and the Maid settled on her course. The weather was poor. The Maid went plunging out through great grey ghostly seas, with the fog driving over her.

It was deathly cold on deck and I was glad when I could go below. But Harry was still at my heels.

Benny brought us coffee from the galley. Harry picked up his mug and drank.

"So you wrote her a letter," he said.

It must have been the tenth time that morning he'd said that.

"You asked her to marry you," Harry went on. "You said you couldn't bear things any longer the way they were, and you wanted her answer, yes or no." He laughed that brutal, derisive laugh of his. "You hadn't the guts to ask her face to face. You had to do it in a letter."

My head beat with a sudden rush of blood. I felt dizzy. I had had as much as I could take. I put down my coffee and took a quick step towards Harry.

It was Benny that stopped me.

"Letter?" he said. "Hell, I forgot." He turned to me. "Jessie asked me to give you this."

I took the letter and stared at it.

"You want to run away somewhere and read it?" Harry asked.

SICKENED by the heavy curl of his lip, I broke open the envelope. I looked through the letter quickly the first time. Then I read it again, and it still said the same.

"Well?" Harry said. "Don't keep the good news all to yourself."

At first I couldn't get any words out at all. All I was conscious of just then was the sneer on Harry's face and the pounding of his voice in my brain.

I took a deep breath. "She's going to marry me," I said. "Here—you can see what she says for yourself." And I threw the letter down on the table and walked out.

The Maid took a heavy toss as I went on deck. The weather was worse. She hit a big one, and the water came swirling round my knees.

I heard somebody behind me. I turned, but Harry was on me before I could do anything to stop him. His hand caught me in the chest and hurled me across the streaming deck.

"You dirty swine," he said.

I got to my feet, but the lurch of the boat almost threw me down again. Harry was coming for me, arms held wide and fingers crooked. I rushed him. There was another thump and a shudder and we fell, locked together, and this time the run of the water swept right over us, drowning us deep in a boiling smother.

I was choking. My lungs seemed full of water and Harry's hands were on my throat. I gasped and tore myself away. Then we were both on our feet again, fighting for breath as we faced each other, staggering up the steep deck.

I saw Harry's hand go to his belt and come back holding the gutting knife he always carried there. He came on, the point stabbing at me.

"You asked for it," he shouted.

I jumped him again. I grabbed for his knife hand and held it. The Maid reared, hurling us together.

The Maid went up and up, climbing a great peak of sea. Then she dropped into the trough beyond with a crash that shook her from end to end. There was a shout from above us, from the wheelhouse, as a mountain of water thundered in at the bows.

The foam-topped mass roared aft, slamming me up against the deckhouse, pinning me there. It swept on past, whirling Harry away with it. The Maid heeled heavily to the weight on her deck and the water poured over the side, back where it belonged. And Harry went with it, his shout only a thin thread of terror on the wind.

We went back for him, of course, but it was hopeless. In the end we abandoned both the search and our trip and steamed back home.

I was the one that told Jessie. It

continued on page 27

London Winter

I kick the rusty leaves along,
Make music from the dying day
And feel the echo of a song
Within my heart. The trees are grey,
The ghosts of summer roses shake
Their petals to the frozen ground,
And from the waters of the lake
The mist spreads all around.

This is the time when love retreats
And hibernates till spring,
But as along the London streets
I walk, the houses sing
Behind their barricades of gloom,
And when the lamps glow bright
I see the primroses in bloom
All through the winter night.

by DOUGLAS GIBSON

IS OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR GOING FASCIST?

by MICHAEL FOOT

In war de Gaulle was France's hope and conscience. In peace he faces the challenge again—but as her

SHALL we wake up one morning to discover that France has gone Fascist? Is our great neighbour and ally across the Channel slipping into the grip of a dictatorship? Don't imagine that these are alarmist questions. When I was in Paris a few months ago, I saw nearly half the members of the French Parliament stand up in the seats, shouting the slogan: "Fascism shall not pass."

I saw 300,000 French workers marching towards the Place de la République shouting the same slogan. I saw a Left-wing newspaper office where they were barricading the doors. I heard men who played a leading part in the French Resistance during the war talking among themselves about the possibility that once again they might be forced to take to the woods.

They saw the danger then. And the danger still exists today. Nobody doubts that France is sick, that the disease has been getting worse over the years. Some believe that only a miracle can save her from the Fascist cure which would be so much worse than the disease itself.

General Charles de Gaulle recognises the fear which many Frenchmen feel in their hearts. At a crowded press conference last May he asked the question: "Why should I, at the age of sixty-seven, begin the career of a dictator?"

True enough, dictators usually start young. But there are exceptions. One journalist at that conference interrupted: "Marshal Pétain was eighty-four when he took on the job."

Today, less than six months later, General de Gaulle wields more power than any single Frenchman has held in his hands since Napoleon III. A new constitution, devised by de Gaulle, has been approved by eighty per cent of the French people.

At the end of this month his position will be further strengthened by the election of a new French Parliament. And in December General de Gaulle will become President. de Gaulle with much more authority in his own land than either President Eisenhower or Prime Minister Macmillan can exercise. Speaking in Algeria a few weeks ago he said: "France is here, in my person." Soon he will be able to say that in Paris.

The big votes for de Gaulle offer no guarantee that France is safely treading a democratic path. After all, back in 1933, with the assistance of the votes of the German people, Hitler seized control of the government in Berlin.

First of all, then, let us look at the man himself. His character may offer one clue. Certainly nobody has a right to brand de Gaulle a Fascist. Austere, aloof, arrogant, dictatorial in temper: yes, all that and more. But similar epithets could be applied to great democratic leaders like Churchill or Clemenceau.

De Gaulle made his name in history and won his place in the hearts of Frenchmen by his refusal to join Marshal Pétain in the surrender to Hitler in 1940.

He was awkward, rigid, by far the toughest customer among all the exiled leaders of occupied countries with whom Churchill and Roosevelt had to deal. But thanks to him more than any other individual, France was restored as a democratic state after 1945. Moreover, he has culture, intelligence and a brilliant civilized mind. There is not in his nature a single streak of the barbarism, the raving bestiality, which made Hitler such a frightening apparition.

The lingering doubt

And yet when all proper tributes have been paid, a lingering doubt remains. If de Gaulle has certainly never been a Fascist, he has never quite been a democrat either. Sometimes he speaks a mystic language as if the grandeur of France was epitomised in himself alone. He is Sir Oracle and when he speaks no dog, not even a French poodle, is supposed to bark.

De Gaulle has never been over-scrupulous in his choice of associates. If they are ready to serve him, he will overlook a murky past or a taste for strong-arm tactics.

Thus, if the future of France depended solely on the character of the new president, nobody could make a sure prophecy. His motives may be of the highest but his methods are often cunning and circuitous. For all his mastery of the French tongue, he usually prefers to speak in riddles. By these means he has gained support from Right and Left, rallying to his aid not only many heroes of the French resistance, but also those who opened the gates to the Nazis.

On this personal test, one lesson of history is indisputable. The will and

Excited crowds in the Place de la République in Paris. Here de Gaulle sought the people's decisive "*Oui*" to his new constitution for France

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Is our next-door neighbour going Fascist?

continued from previous page

integrity of one man can never be an absolute shield against despotism. For political leaders change beneath the buffetings of circumstances. Marshal Pétain, denounced by de Gaulle in 1940 as a traitor, had once been the saviour of Verdun, the symbol of French honour in the first World War.

Look then beyond the man to the way he has reached his goal. This is the first reason why some French democrats—among them for example the former French prime minister, Monsieur Pierre Mendès-France—see a grave menace to French freedom in the events of recent months.

On May 13 the army chiefs in Algiers started their revolt against the legal government of France. They vested power in the hands of so-called committees of public safety, insisting that they would not acknowledge the authority of Paris until de Gaulle was in office with dictatorial powers.

Disarmed the police

A few days later the same plot was repeated in Corsica. The backers of the military rebellion in Algiers seized power and successfully disarmed the police forces sent to the island by the legal government to restore order.

At that moment all France trembled on the verge of civil war.

To the outside world, this military *putsch* or military blackmail had come out of the blue. But, of course, the plot had been long prepared by elements deeply hostile to French democracy.

In the heart of Paris, near the fashionable Place de l'Opéra, a polished name-plate at No. 9, rue Louis-le-Grand bears the initials U.S.R.A.F.

These stand for the Union of the Salvation and Rebirth of French Algeria. Many important figures in French political life had attended its committee meetings since it was founded in 1956—among them former prime ministers Bidault and Marie, the former Defence Minister Monice, and most significant of all, Jacques Soustelle, an old wartime comrade of de Gaulle, a leader of the French Right in Parliament and the idol of the soldiers and settlers in Algeria.

The Union's secretary was René Dumont, owner of several big Paris factories and once a high-up in the General Directorate of Studies and Inquiries—the M.I.5 of France.

Numerous unsavoury characters found shelter in the U.S.R.A.F.—ex-supporters of the Vichy régime, former members of the Cagoulards or Hooded Men who attempted to start a Fascist movement in France before the war, members of the 'private defence corps' built up within de Gaulle's own party, the Rally of the French People, between 1947 and 1951, ostensibly to protect his meetings from Communist interrupters as well as just plain gangsters.

Ready for revolt

But the organization also spread its tentacles into the police and the army and among the settlers in Algiers. Preparations under this cover helped to make possible the revolt of May 13.

Confronted with this ugly phenomenon, it might have been hoped—certainly Mendès-France hoped and pleaded—that de Gaulle would disown those who claimed to act in his name.

He could have lent his name to the cause of freedom and legality. He did nothing of the kind.

At his press conference in Paris he said that he "understood perfectly" the view of the military chiefs in Algeria. He refused by one word or hint to condemn the mutineers. He intrigued with the politicians in Paris to have power handed to him and then, behind the backs of some and with the shivering compliance of others, announced that he would take the reins of office which had not formally been surrendered to him.

If de Gaulle had not actually had prior knowledge of the rebellion in Algiers he was content to be the chief profiteer from it. He was hoisted into the saddle by the ruthless enemies of legality and democracy. Naturally they were jubilant and believed their hour had almost come.

Others de Gaulle's more moderate and liberal backers, still refused to shed their faith in him. They had argued that he alone would have the necessary prestige to overawe the intransigent soldiers and settlers. Certainly he wanted a strong government, but it would be strong to save democracy, not to strangle it. Only by taking power, they insisted, could he lift the shadow of civil war.

The course of history takes some strange twists. But it will certainly be a curious development if a régime which owes its birth to a blow struck at democracy should bring in its train a reinvigoration of democratic institutions. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?

Turn then to consider the institutions and policies which de Gaulle is seeking to introduce. Which portrait of the man do they help to paint? Is he showing himself by degrees the subtle skilful liberal, outwitting the army chiefs? Or is he the man of iron whom Jacques Soustelle wished to see in command?

The final answer is not revealed. But Soustelle sits at his right hand as Minister of Information in the new administration. He quickly took steps to purge the French broadcasting and other information agencies of all but the most enthusiastic Gaullists. In two months he made the French radio into his tool. The news was shamelessly doctored to suit the new government.

Ban on the news

Not everything could be managed so easily. De Gaulle himself was scheduled to make a speech in the working-class centre of Paris. A few thousand carefully selected guests were shepherded into the area behind the biggest muster of steel-helmeted and armed security police seen in Paris since the Germans were expelled from the city.

Great masses of ordinary Frenchmen, organized not only by the Communists, tried to reach the meeting place to voice their protest. They were beaten back with truncheons by the policemen. Ninety people were injured, four with fractured skulls and one with a bullet wound in his back.

But that night no news of these events was allowed on the French radio. According to Soustelle's puppets, the whole occasion had been another glorious day of Gaullist triumph.

These may be isolated and passing events. The new French constitution, now overwhelmingly approved in the September referendum, may last for generations. Here, more clearly than in anything else he has said or done, a window is opened on to the mind of de Gaulle.

The new President of the French Republic will sign ordinances and decrees. He will negotiate and ratify treaties. He will control appointments to civil and military posts. More important, he will be able to appoint—and dismiss—prime ministers. Most important of all, he will have the power to dissolve Parliament. For this, the consent of the Prime Minister will not be necessary; "consultation" will suffice.

These are to be the normal powers of the President. But in cases of national emergency (and the President decides when the case has arisen) he may assume complete dictatorial powers by proclamation.

He may, too, suppress political

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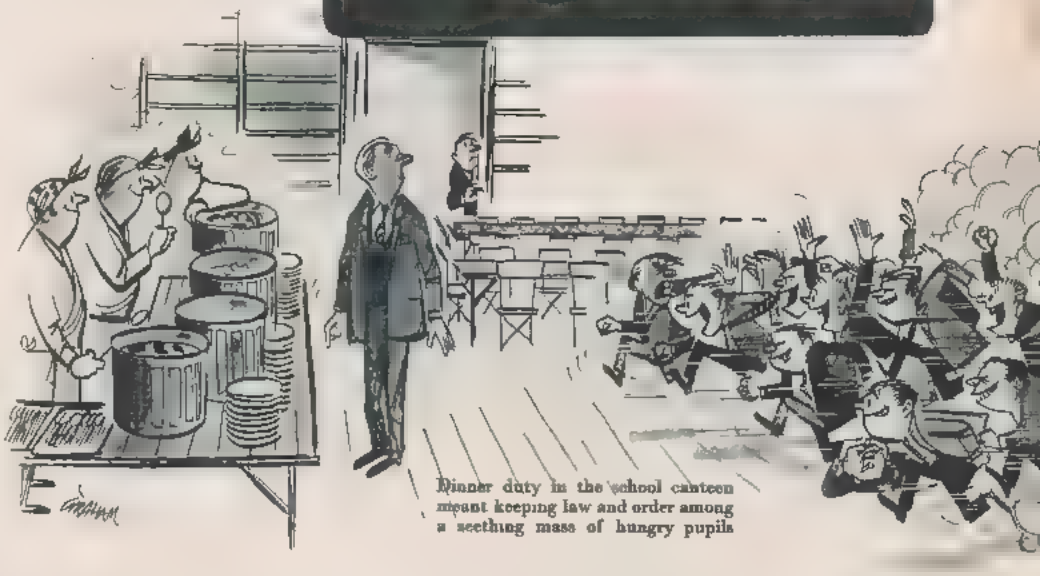
John Townsend

the young devils

Fresh from training, John Townsend went into the startling world of Britain's half-forgotten backstreet schools—where the teacher needs a strong sense of humour and an even stronger right arm. His interesting story holds a direct challenge to us all. Can we save youngsters from education's blind alleys?



Dinner duty in the school canteen meant keeping law and order among a seething mass of hungry pupils

My first lesson at the Blackstone Secondary Modern Boys' School in London was Religious Instruction with Form 4B, and I ventured to ask a tweedy-suited master for his advice. I explained that my subject was Science and that I had not expected to take Religion.

"Get them to copy out the Psalms," he said, and stumped off.

Walking towards the classroom, I pondered on this. There were an awful lot of psalms. Did I just start at the first one and work through them?

My dilemma was solved when I entered the room. Sitting down, I tried to ignore the fact that not one boy had stopped shouting or fighting, or just methodically breaking up some item of school property. Then a hulk of a youngster pushed himself out of his seat and stood over me.

"You strong," he asked.

I sat nonplussed.

"I take boxing lessons at my club," he went on seriously. To prove his words he doubled his fists and shadow-boxed the air in front of my desk.

Dobber (like all other names in my book, his is fictitious) said to me: "Let's have a trial of strength."

"Go on, sir!" "Do 'im, sir!" and other vocal encouragement filled the room.

I thought this was the time to be firm and order them back to their seats, but I doubted very much if they would go. Dobber looked fixed to the floor.

"Look here," I said to Dobber, "what is this trial of strength?"

Grubby challenge

Dobber shrugged his jacket off and rolled up rather grubby shirt-sleeves over bulging biceps. He pulled a chair from the mob behind him and sat facing me over my desk.

His right elbow banged on the wooden top and a large hand flexed its fingers before my face.

"You do the same," he ordered.

It was too late to back out now—the class was silent and waiting. I put my elbow on the desk and my right hand came opposite Dobber's. I knew now what the trial was. We had to grasp hands and try to force the other's back until it touched the desk. The one who managed this won.

We gripped hands. Dobber's lips thinned and whitened. "Right," he muttered.

Gradually I increased my thrust, but his arm was like a rock. I pushed harder.

Dobber's face was expressionless and I knew that I could not hold the steady pressure of his arm much longer.

I also knew that the result would mean that either I ruled this class or they ruled me. Slowly I turned my body behind my arm. I breathed deeply, clenched my teeth, and felt a vein in my temple swell and throb.

His arm slipped back a little and passed the centre. I had him if only I could keep it up. I felt him trying to hold me, but somehow I managed to increase my pressure. Inch by inch he went over.

The back of his hand was half-way down and yet he thrust back. It was like bending an iron bar. Down it went, and Dobber hissed with effort. His hand touched the desk. I had won.

The boys cheered. I felt dizzy, but immediately stood up as if trials of strength happened to me every day.

Now in command

"Now, sort yourselves out!" I ordered.

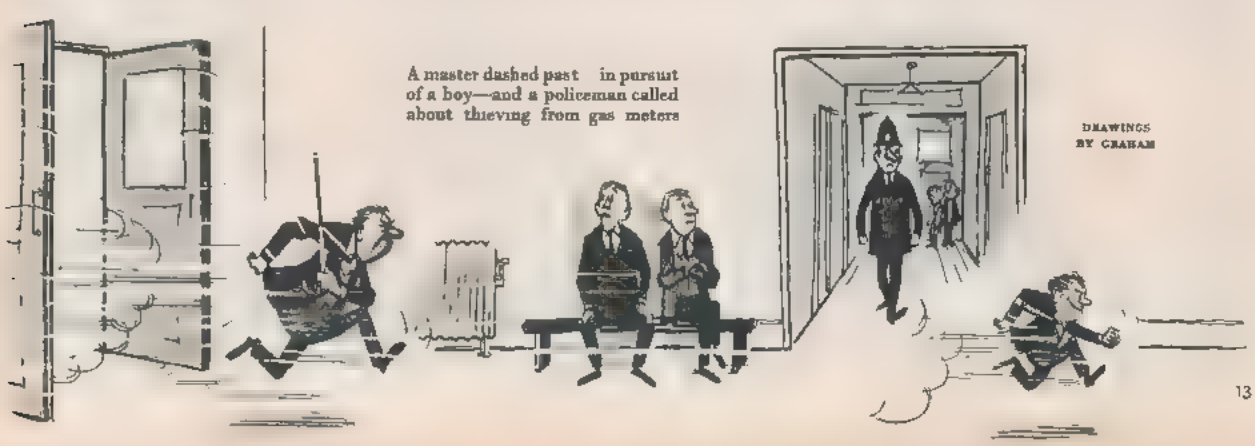
Dobber sat down at the front desk—silent. As I stood by him, he said: "Like to come down to our club, sir?"

While I was still a student teacher at the Pemberton Emergency Teachers' Training College, I went to the Cuthbert Hargreave Secondary Modern School in London for my final month's teaching practice. At the end of it I was expected to prove to my visiting college supervisors that I was capable of controlling and teaching classes of between thirty and forty boys aged from eleven to fifteen years.

My companion was a fellow student, Jim Larkin, a tall, bony ex-commando.

Our arrival was watched by a group of senior boys lounging on the pavement outside the entrance. They decided to show that they recognized us as students by smoking quite openly. After we had passed, one of them called: "See you in class—teacher!"

Inside the playground—a depressing asphalt square—I asked a small boy, who was sitting astride another and



A master dashed past in pursuit of a boy—and a policeman called about thieving from gas meters

DRAWINGS BY GRAHAM

I wish we had more like them

ARE you as heartily sick and weary as I am of reading in the newspapers about people, usually female film stars, whose chief claim to fame seems to be that they have broken their marriage vows, run away with somebody else's husband and upset other people's lives?

I don't think that adultery and divorce are either chic or splendid things—though, today young newspaper readers might be excused for thinking that they are.

How bright and refreshing by contrast, then, is an event which, I hope, but do not for a moment think, will receive the same amount of notice in the papers as the latest news of yet another film star's broken marriage.

In a few weeks' time, those distinguished, most devoted servants of the British stage which between them they have adorned for 109 years—Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband Sir Lewis Casson, will celebrate their golden wedding.

On Monday next they open at Newcastle in a celebration play, written for them by Clemence Dane, *Eighty In The Shade*.

I admire them both enormously, because neither of them has ever been greedy, ever wanted flashy motor cars, press publicity or other people's wives or husbands.

All they have ever wanted, all their lives, is to live in, to enjoy and to serve, the theatre.

A long time ago I appeared in a B.B.C. sound radio play with Sybil Thorndike (as she then was), Webster's *White Devil*, produced by Felix Felton. Though I was then unknown, I was well known in the B.B.C. as a Papist and a Latinist, so I was given a part because the play was concerned with the election of a pope and called for somebody who could declaim a certain amount of Latin.

I recall because I was smarting under the disadvantage of working as S.N.F. (Staff No Fee), the amazing, ungreedy attitude of the Cassons.

Sybil Thorndike had a long and exhausting part for which she was offered, by B.B.C. standards, a high and handsome fee.

But her husband declared that it was far, far too much and proceeded to insist upon something much more modest.

They met at the zoo

Yet Sybil Thorndike was then, and had been for years, our top actress. In the course of her long and, I am sure, happy life, she has given (and I do not say "contributed") more to the British theatre than any other living or lately dead person.

Do not think please, that I am writing of some aged lady, all accent toation and old lace.

During this year Dame Sybil and her husband have toured Australia and New Zealand. She has been working in Ireland on the new film, *Shake Hands With The Devil*, with James Cagney.

It was in Ireland, more than fifty years ago, that she met her husband—in, of all places, the lion house of Dublin Zoo.

"I walked into the lion house," she says, "and there he was, trying to mesmerise a lion. Instead, he mesmerised me."

At seventy-six (Sir Lewis is eighty-three) Dame Sybil is young in her interests and sympathies.

The Dame and Diana

She had a film part with Diana Dors in *The Weak And The Wicked*. In one of the scenes they had to climb an exacting flight of stairs. "Now I'm an old hand at stair climbing," says Dame Sybil, "but Diana, after we'd done about eighteen takes, was worn out.

And all she said was 'Gee, honey, you must be tired.'"

The Cassons are quite content to be shabby and comfortable off stage, knowing full well that they are compelling and imperative on the stage.

"There they go," said someone a trifle maliciously, "Sybil looking as though she made her living selling Christmas cards and Lewis looking as though he were just about to pawn his coat."

Once, a famous, flashier actress was packed off to Paris by her agent for a well-earned holiday, and told to buy for herself something wildly expensive and extravagant.

"Could I," she purred, "bring back, too, a pullover or something for Sybil?"

The Cassons made their names when fine manners not mink made actors and actresses. They have always had an air of well-bred fireside informal ease and graciousness. But precious little of their time can have been spent at their own fireside, their life has been work, work, all work. Three pages of *Who's Who In The Theatre* are crowded with the achievements of Dame Sybil: truly queen of the British theatre.

I see that she was the first actress ever to appear upon a television screen in 1926, when she went to Baird's studio, a spider's web of wires, in Long Acre and her image ("I had to say a few words and turn my head this way and that") was received by the British Association in Leeds.

Shaw wrote *St Joan* for her. But I do not wish to list or dwell upon her stage achievements, great though they are.

When stage gossip is as puerile, and as putrid, as it is today, to me the greatest achievement of the Cassons is their ever-active, devoted, happy personal life.

Fifty years together. The thought of it is like a breath of sane, cool, fragrant air, isn't it? I wish them continued happiness and felicity.

The young devils

continued from previous page

banging his head on the ground, to take us to the headmaster.

He darted up some stone steps and down a gloomy corridor. Then he beat a lively tattoo on a door marked HENRY A. TUBB, B.SC., HEADMASTER.

A voice shouted something from inside and he popped his head round the door. After a brief exchange with the headmaster, he shut the door and said: "He's on the telephone and wants you to wait."

We sat down on a low form along the opposite wall.

"See you later!" said the boy with a cheery wave, his yellow dazzle socks flashing as he ran off.

Suddenly we heard a high-pitched shout from behind some swing doors on our left, which were slammed back on their hinges as a boy tore past us. The doors had hardly rocked shut when they were violently pushed open again. A large master brandishing a cane in his right hand lumbered through. Neither gave us a glance as they passed, and the chase was cut off from our gaze when pursued and pursuer crashed through the doors at the other end.

Just petty thieving

Then a policeman entered.

"Always have to wait at least half an hour when I come up here," he told us irritably.

"Trouble?" asked Jim.

"The usual petty thieving. Gas-meters this time."

At that moment two things happened simultaneously: a boy shouted "Soppy copper!" through the swing doors on the right and Mr Tubb opened his door and beckoned Jim and me inside.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he apologized, waving us to chairs by his desk. "But I've just had one of our prize fourth-year idiots on the telephone. Quite fooled me for a minute—put on a gruff voice and told me he was ill in bed. When he had finished I asked him who was speaking.

"Do you know what he answered? 'It's me father!'"

The headmaster was a short man with a round face and a quick smile.

"Now, which one of you would like to have Form 3B?" he asked. "They're a little difficult, but it will be excellent experience for you—all they need is a firm hand."

"Can we use the cane, then?" questioned Jim, bluntly.

Mr. Tubb looked at him severely. "You should know that as students you are not allowed to administer any form of corporal punishment."

He handed 3B's keys to me. "I think you should be able to manage Mr Jones's class, 4C," he said to Jim. "They've been working very much on their own these past two months as Mr Jones has not returned from his summer holidays."

He spoke as though Mr Jones had telephoned him at the beginning of term and said: "Oh, Tubb, I shall be taking an extra couple of months."

The secret joke

"Now, let me see, you'll want time-tables, won't you," Mr Tubb smiled as though he had made some secret joke. He rustled through some papers in his desk without success. "I'll let you have a timetable later."

He never did.

I walked into Form 3B's classroom.

"What's your name, mister?" questioned a freckle-faced, ginger-haired boy from a front desk.

I picked up a piece of chalk and went across to the blackboard and printed MR TOWNSEND in large block capitals.

I avoided making the same mistake as the master who, having written his name on the board, had turned to the class and warned: "And it's not 'Old Cock'." He was never known by any other name from that day onward.

Then I saw the dog. It was large and brown. It wriggled out from under a desk and shook itself. "What's that?" I demanded.

"Butch!" they chorused. "Our mascot."

A dog in the classroom! What would my supervisor say if he came round and saw it?

"Well, he doesn't live here any more," I announced firmly. I felt a hostile atmosphere creep into the room.

Will you take him out?" I ordered in a friendly tone, pointing at the ginger-haired boy who had first spoken to me.

"No," he said indignantly.

Looking round the class, I could see there wasn't a boy who would help to evict Butch. There was nothing for it but to remove the animal myself. But when I put out my hand to take his collar he suddenly changed from a moist-eyed companion of men into a snarling menace.

I hastily drew back.

"He won't hurt you, sir," said a boy, patting Butch's head.

"Does the headmaster know this dog's in here?" I countered, changing my attack.

"Yes," they chorused.

I gave up in despair.

Form 3B, I soon discovered, didn't like arithmetic.

"You must have done *some* of it since you've been in this form," I said.

Didn't Henry take us for tables last month?" Thomas Richardson, a plump Jamaican boy, appealed to the class.

"Who is Henry?" I questioned.

"The headmaster, sir," he explained, seriously.

I wondered how long it would be before we were all on first-name terms.

When I had finished telling almost every boy in turn not to play with his pencil, dig his pen in the desk, or sword-fight with his ruler, I instructed: "I want you all to write your name and form on your exercise books."

The name's the same

To show them how, I went across to the board and wrote: "John Brown—Form 3B." Walking round the class, I spent the next few minutes explaining to a few individuals that their names were not John Brown, which they had faithfully copied from the board.

"Now, underneath your name I want you carefully to print the word arithmetic and underline it."

"Write what, sir?" asked Sydney Bone.

"Arithmetic," I repeated, slowly.

"Spell it!" ordered someone.

"If you can't spell it at thirteen you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," I retorted.

But it was no use, they were not ashamed, and the majority could not spell the word.

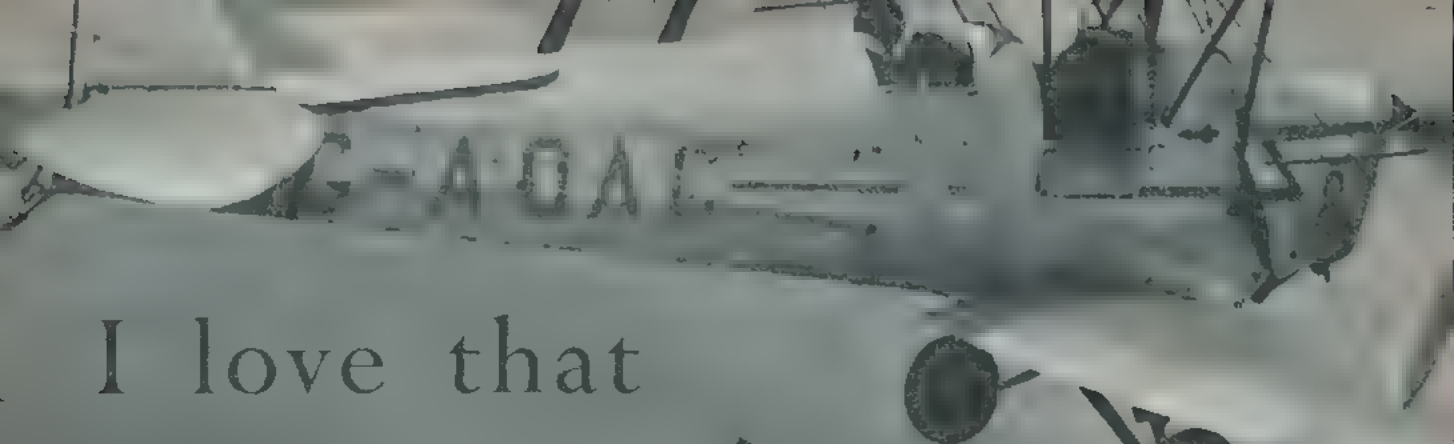
It was almost playtime. Doubtless in most people's minds the word playtime conjures up a vision of little children dancing and singing.

At the Cuthbert-Hargreave Secondary Modern School the morning break bell signalled the end of civilization for ten minutes. Old swear words were used carelessly in the corridors and stairways, fights broke out, boy tortured boy, and half-smoked cigarettes were dug out of dusty pockets and lit up in the lavatories. From every classroom teachers scuttled to the temporary peace of the staff-room.

When I ventured downstairs on my first playground duty, I felt like an unpopular prison governor going for a stroll in a yard full of vengeful prisoners.

Threading my way through the tumbling mass and ignoring a paper-bag water-bomb that burst on the ground a few yards away—it had been aimed at me from one of the upper windows—I made my way to the centre of the yard. Suddenly all the boys began to race across to a corner by the caretaker's house, a small building prominently

continued on page 36



I love that sinking feeling

For half a minute I plunge earthwards, it's like living on air. Then I float down through the clouds and hope for happy landings

by SUE BURGES

At six thousand feet over an English airfield, the little Auster plane banked over gently and the pilot nodded to me with a smile. I checked the harness of my parachute, adjusted my goggles and clambered out through the open door and on to the strut.

The wind screamed past me as I kneeled down and leaned forward against the slipstream. I looked at my stopwatch: four seconds to go. After that I would fall for twenty seconds before pulling the ripcord.

I looked down. The "met" had reported a thick cloud bank that morning, about six to eight hundred feet of it, and there the clouds lay in a great white sea just below me. As I jumped my goggles misted over and suddenly I could see nothing but my wrists and hands.

Out of the clouds

A great peace settled all around me. It was like jumping into a field of marshmallow, slowly sinking into a soft, welcoming mass.

I counted: "One thousand, two thousand, three thousand. . . ." As I got to twelve seconds my goggles cleared and I fell out through the bottom of the cloud into a world of half shade and sudden shafts of sunshine. Once again I went through the familiar optical illusion of seeing the earth as one tiny field, no bigger than my hand, multiplying into two, four, eight sections and then into the green and brown countryside of England.

When I had counted twenty I pulled the D-shaped handle of the ripcord. With a sudden, silky rush, the whole of my parachute flew past my face and opened perfectly.

Slowly, leisurely, almost in a daze, I floated down to earth and landed inside the airfield limits. Mike Reilly, my jumping partner, was there to help me collapse the canopy. "What was it like?" he asked.

My eyes wide open with the beauty I had seen, my skin tingling and with a wide smile on my face, I replied: "That champagne feeling again!"

Now I have made more than seventy parachute jumps. I hold the British women's record and believe I am the first civilian, man or woman, to have jumped—for fun—at night.

On every day that my work as a secretary in a London office allows, I jump at air displays and contests, over little pocket-handkerchief airfields all over Britain. People often say: "I wouldn't do that for a thousand pounds. Far too dangerous." They do not know that in more than eight hundred jumps made by members of the young British Parachute Club the most serious injury has been a broken ankle.

Then I am asked what it is like taking out of an aeroplane for the sheer joy of it. I try to explain that champagne feeling, the tremendous exhilaration I feel when falling through space. But I don't think people understand. They can imagine only the danger.

I am now well used to the inevitable wiseacre who, before I jump at an air display, insists on telling me about the friend he saw making a splash" on the tarmac of an airfield.

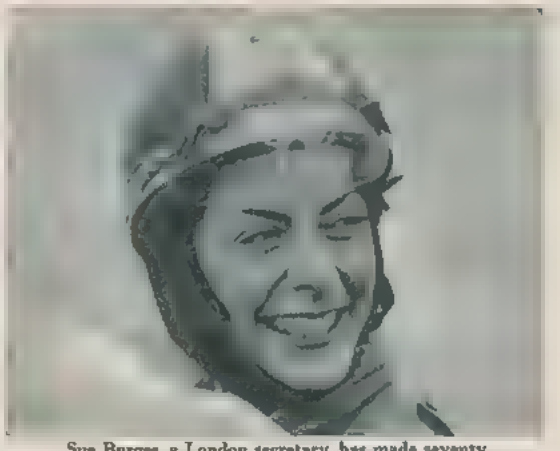
It might be that parachute jumping, especially the free fall part of it, is harder on the spectator than on the performer. A friend who is an airline pilot recently took me up in a small club plane for a jump with a twenty second free fall. As I jumped he unfortunately looked out of the cockpit window and saw my body hurtling downwards at terrific speed until it was a mere speck against the earth below.

He was convinced that I had killed myself. He landed on another part of the airfield and was promptly rushed to hospital for an ulcer operation.

But among the hundred civilians who hold the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation's parachute jumping permit, such misunderstandings are commonplace.

For me, the whole exciting business started two and a half years ago when, as a glider pilot, I visited Yugoslavia for a contest. There I saw a Yugoslav woman doing a parachute jumping demonstration and I wanted to do it, too. But I knew of no club in Britain that encouraged that sort of thing.

Back in England I discovered that in my absence, some enthusiasts had formed the British Parachute Club at Fairoaks Aerodrome in Surrey. I signed on as their sixth member.



Sue Burges, a London secretary, has made seventy parachute jumps. She holds the women's record

A week later I spent two days learning how to fall on a lot of lumpy cushions. I was bruised all over. During my third weekend at the club, the instructor held a parachute out to me and said: "Sue, let's see what you can do with this."

I jumped, pulled the ripcord and loved every second of the descent.

Hold it . . . and pull

It takes ten jumps to become qualified. The aristocracy of the game practise delayed jumps, which means holding out as long as possible before pulling the ripcord. That is where the enjoyment comes in, there is immense satisfaction in falling through the sky in a controlled position, knowing that you are the master of your destiny.

The present free fall record is held by a Russian who, jumping from 49,000 feet counted up to a cool three minutes and pulled the ripcord at two thousand feet.

Normally we jump from 6,500 feet, which gives us a thirty second delay before opening the chute at 1,600 feet.

The secret lies in maintaining the correct body position during the free fall. The novice style is to keep arms together and feet together. If I kept that position longer than three seconds I would start to somersault spin and quickly become giddy.

To prevent this I adopt a starfish position, face down. It is like lying on a feather bed. Now I can stop turns, start them, change my direction, do hesitation rolls and an occasional loop, all before my parachute opens.

In every position the arms and legs act as the rudder and the flaps of an aeroplane. The parachutist's body is, in fact, a flying machine.

For me, this is the most exciting part of parachuting. It is then that I get

continued on page 31

P K

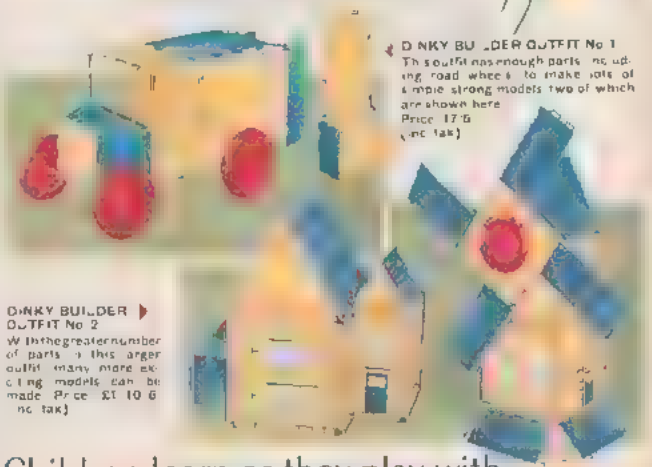
Work seems easier when you're chewing delicious-tasting P. K. Costs so little.

Good to Chew and Good for You!

E142·8

Dinky Builder the Christmas gift that's lots of toys in one!

Young boys and g rls love these exc t ng bu ding sets They're simp e fascinating and tremendous fun With Dinky Bu lder Outfits they can make furniture, easy runn ng wheel toys and dozens more models ke those shown here simply by hinge ng the metal plates together with the stee rods And wh le they play they learn to use the r hands and brains with greater sk a sk l that will help them get ahead at schoo and at work



D NKY BU LDER OUTFIT No 1 Th s outfit has enough parts ns ud ng road whee s to make lots of s mple strong models two of which are shown here Price 17 6 (nc tax)

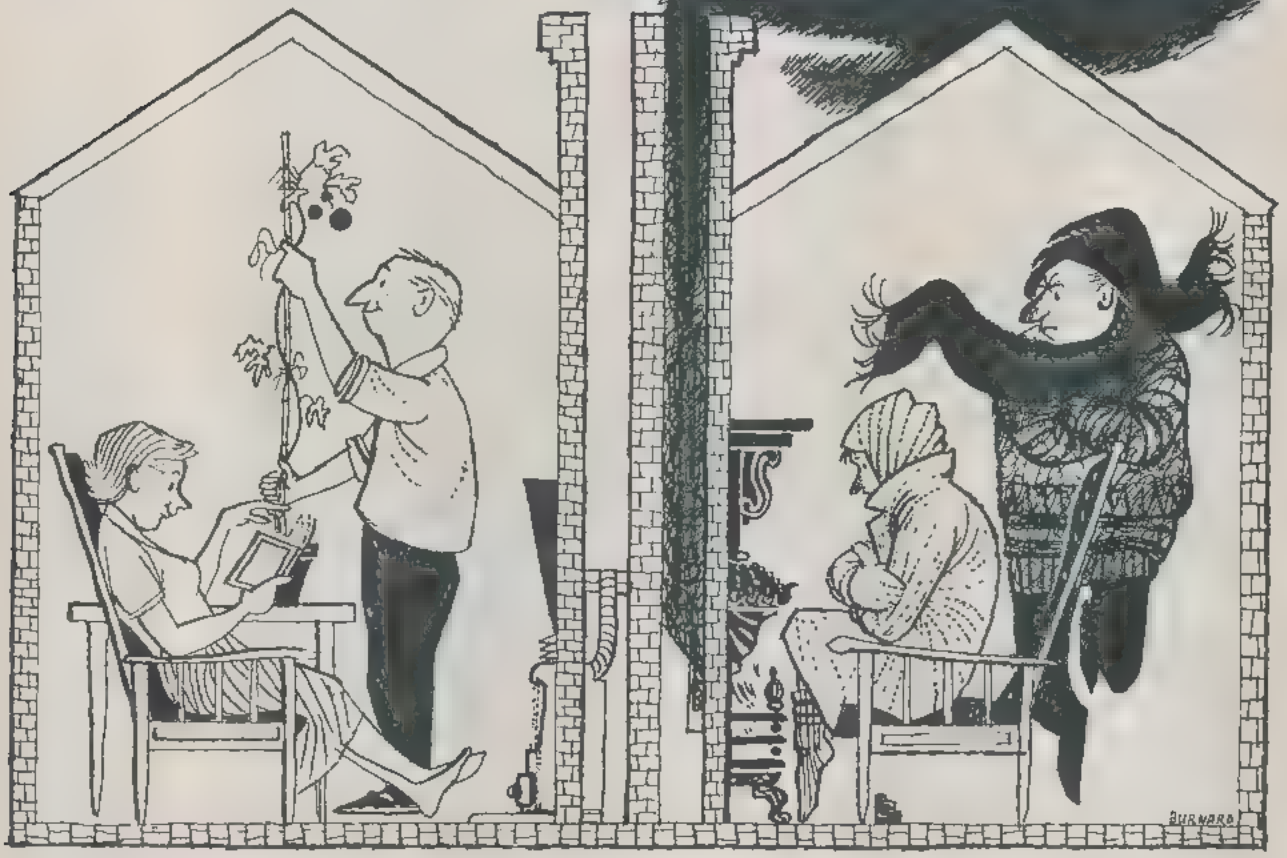
DINKY BUILDER OUTFIT No 2 W th the greater number of parts n this arger outfit many more ex c t ng models can be made Pr ce £1 10 0 nc tax)

Children learn as they play with

DINKY BUILDER

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD LIVERPOOL

MILD and BITTER



Which is your home climate?

FOREIGNERS traditionally regard the British as enviable but mad. When it comes to home heating they might well think us mad but not enviable. We live with one of the most freakish climates in the world in houses designed to guarantee that we shall be too cold or too hot, or both, for at least half the year.

But new ideas are in the air. In many new houses heating arrangements strike a rational balance between a foreign love of fug and a British passion for the freshest kind of fresh air. But most of us live in old houses where the heating arrangements are still a bad joke unless we do something to improve them. And today there is a lot we can do.

Since the fuel crisis of 1947 it has been obvious that unlimited cheap coal is a thing of the past. Manufacturers laid their plans accordingly, and during the last few years have brought out a flood of better types of fire. Now that we are all looking for better value from the money we spend on heating, design, appearance, performance and price are all alike showing excellent signs of all-round competition.

This is about the best year since the war for considering the purchase of a new fire or stove or for devising other changes which may keep your home cosier without putting a penny on your fuel bill.

Invisible waste

In an old-fashioned house on a winter's day you may find open coal fires burning in living-room and dining-room, an inefficient old boiler wasting its heat in an outside stokehole, gas, electric and oil radiators working away all over the house, trying to keep the British climate at bay. And quite possibly in the kitchen, the oven may be turned on to save the housewife from freezing.

This kind of heating system is common enough and about as wasteful in fuel and labour as it could possibly be. Because the waste is invisible we forget that it is going on. We don't realize that of every 10 cwt. of coal burned in those jolly open fires 3 cwt. heats the room and the heat from the other 7 cwt. goes roaring up the chimney, making a draught which sucks cold air in through every window crevice. If hot air could be dyed pink we could *see* it racing up chimneys and escaping through uninsulated roofs, and the whole problem would be easier to recognize.

A really efficient heating system is one which provides warmth throughout the house from a single heating appliance—a cooker which provides hot water *and* warm air heating, a boiler which supplies hot water and feeds several radiators, a living-room fire with back boiler which feeds radiators in other rooms. Appliances of this kind help to heat the house as a whole. They give a high degree of comfort and very low running costs. But they are expensive to buy and install. Costs may be hundreds of pounds for an all-out system, down to under one hundred for the simpler solutions.

Though few of us who live in old houses can afford to install central heating this winter, most of us can do something about any old-fashioned open fires which eat up tons of high-priced coal, and bestow more heat on the cold winter air outside than they give to us at the fireside.

To understand why a modern fire will give you more heat for your money it is necessary to say a word about two kinds of heating. When we think of warmth, most of us think of the warmth we feel when we put our hands in front of an open fire. This is *radiation*, an essential part of comfort in heating, but not necessarily of efficiency. The really effective part of home heating is *convection*, which is the form of heating you get off a radiator or a closed stove, which warms the air all round it, and causes a circulation of warm air flowing round the room.

Choose your type

Convector open fires achieve a pretty good balance of comfort with efficiency by combining radiation with convection. They are cased in a metal surround, with the flue opening restricted to allow just about the 2,400 cubic feet of air-flow needed to ventilate a room with four people in it. Adjustable flue restrictors (fitted preferably with safety stops to

The Rayburn open fire gives you modern efficiency with controlled draught and convection but still looks at home in an old fashioned house or cottage setting. It costs from £7 4s

The Hearth Redfyre, air-fed from a duct under the floor gives you a good blaze without drawing in draughts from invisible cracks in doors and windows. It burns coal or coke, costs from £9 5s.

The modern version of the closed stove burns slowly day and night. "Sofono" slow combustion stoves by Federated Foundries. It is economical and cheap to run. Prices from £5 6s. 9d

Radiation's "Parkray 30" openable stove can be built into a fireplace and projects only seven inches. It has a twin, the "32," which is freestanding. No 30 from £22 12s. 6d . 32 from £26 17s. 6d

The "Sofono" Super View semi-freestanding convector can easily be fitted into an existing fireplace. Convected warmth flows out through the grille at the top. Cost from £14 18s. 6d

The "Marvec" continuous burning convector open fire with throat restrictor has the advantage of an open stove and comfort of an open fire. This model has a back boiler. From £20 0s.

prevent their being used to restrict the flow below what is healthy) are also part of the scheme. These enable you to reduce or increase the throttling of flue gases according to the effect of the weather upon the chimney's "pull," and the number of people in the room at any time.

The front of the fire is left open, to give plenty of radiation. The casing—sealed into the chimney like a stove, provides convection — the amount varies with the design. Most fires incorporate a grid or louvre at the top or sides of the fire, out of which flows warm air. The built-in type of convector fire often includes a boiler which will heat water for taps and a radiator or two while the fire is burning.

Freestanding open convector. This type of fire, at its best, is just about as economical as an openable stove with the doors kept open all the time, and twice as economical as one of the old-fashioned type of fire. Even better than the inset convector, it combines the merits of a restricted chimney opening and convection airflow with the charms of an open fire. The freestanding convector can be installed without any structural alteration to the existing fireplace. Fixing it is a do-it-yourself operation. I have just installed one in my own home, and you will find a step-by-step account of the job on page 31. Prices are from £12.

There are various adaptations of the open fire on the market which give you more efficiency and a certain amount of economy, although not always on the same wholehearted scale as the free-standing convector heaters. Inset open fires with draught control, marketed under the general description of "all night burning grates," incorporate fire-brick combustion. This means that you can burn coke or coal. These fires have accurate primary air control, which means that you can regulate exactly the rate at which they burn. Prices from £3.

Grates with under-floor air-feed improve comfort by cutting out draughts which are often sucked in through invisible cracks in doors and windows. How much difference these make to your fuel costs depends on the nature of the chimney. Combined with convector grilles they can do a very good job. Prices from £9.

Stoves of all kinds are more economical than open fires. Closed stoves which remain closed are the most efficient form of convector and burn economically on coke and other smokeless fuels. Prices from £5 10s.

Openable stoves, which are much more friendly, as the focal point of a sitting-room, perform the same function, but are made less economical to the extent that you open them at all. Prices from £18.

Improvement to existing fires. It is possible for a handyman to improve the performance, and very often the appearance, of an existing modern grate by fitting it with a convection canopy, to which a throat restrictor is connected.

Spot warmth. The problem of heat in special places, felt particularly by people who are out all day and want to warm the house up quickly on their return, is best dealt with by gas or electric heaters, and oil radiators can be very useful to give background warmth when and where needed. There is a selection of new, efficient apparatus of this kind on page 35.

The prices quoted in this article are, in most cases, the minimum prices of appliances recommended by the Coal Utilization Council.

PLANNED WARMTH FOR OPEN PLAN LIVING

The living room of a three bedroomed house at Basildon New Town, Essex, designed by Basil Spence and Partners in association with Noel Tweddell, is divided into sitting and dining areas by a free-standing Radiation Parkray No. 2 convector fire installed in a free-standing fireplace.

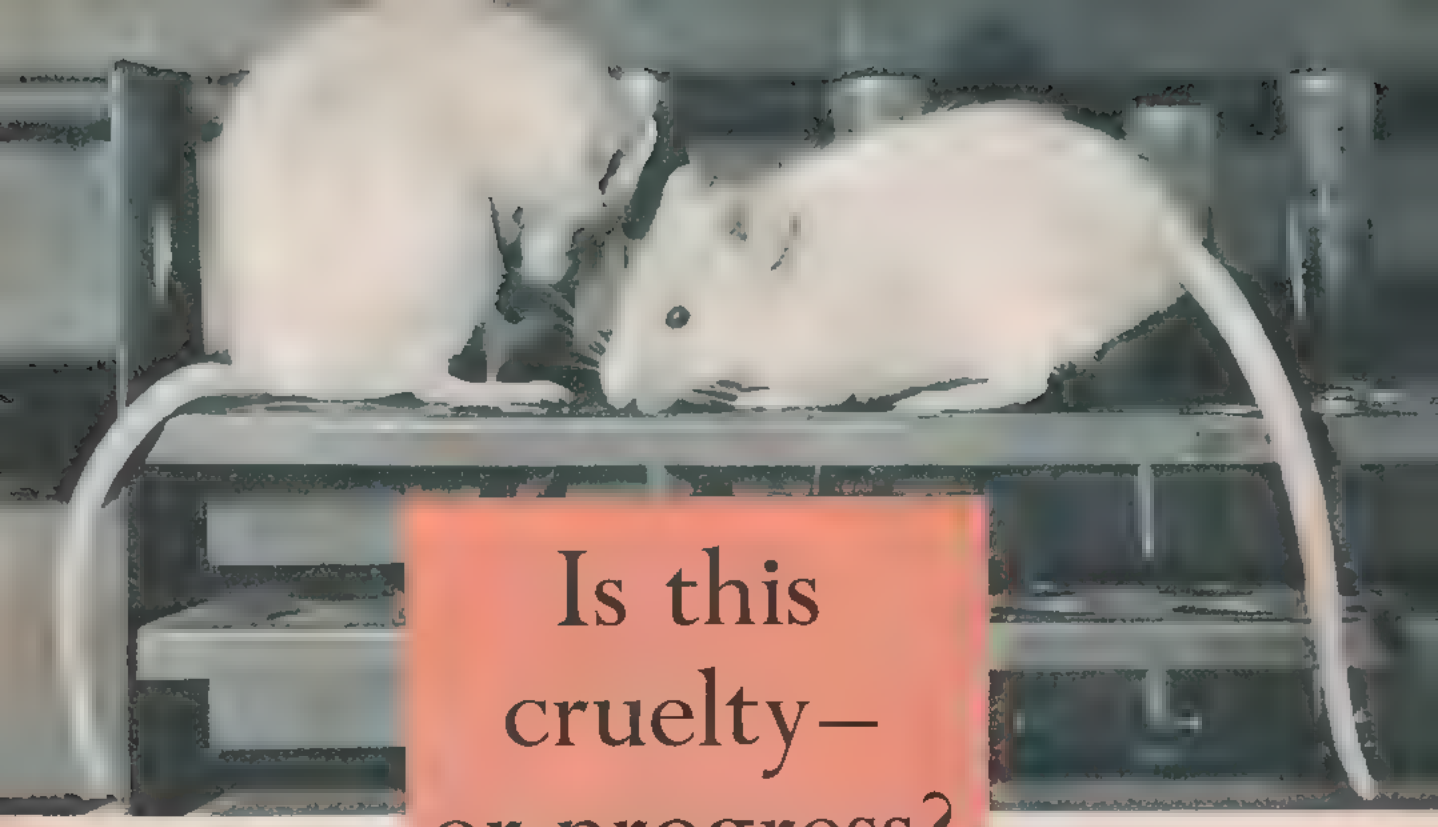
The design of the fireplace allows convected warm air heated by the back and sides of the fire to circulate freely through the room. Warm air reaches the dining area through a vent at the back of the fireplace: the sitting area is heated by combined convection and radiation from the front of the fire.

A back boiler is included in the design of the Parkray No. 2 which provides hot water for the whole house and heats a radiator in the bedroom above. The pipes to and from the boiler are contained in the small black pipe at the left of the fireplace—the large asbestos one houses the flue.

The Parkray burns coal or smokeless fuels. When burning coal, it consumes a large proportion of the smoke so is suitable for use in smoke-free zones. It costs from £20 12s. 3d.

Roger Smithells will help you

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply



Is this cruelty— or progress?

A new row is brewing over animal experiments. HARRY HOPKINS tells you what really happens when mice and monkeys, guinea-pigs and cats are used to save human lives

THE Russian space dogs, hurtling through the skies in their canisters, fed through tubes, their reactions filmed, their heartbeats recorded, sent angry deputations of animal-lovers rushing to the Russian Embassy. Yet the sputnik dogs were, in fact, very far from being the only animals then undergoing uncanny experiences in the interests of science.

There were golden hamsters in a Hampstead laboratory, drowsy in their sealed glass bottles, gently cooled down, packed in crushed ice, frozen to death — and then, with heart and breath stopped for an hour, gently thawed back to life without damage.

There were mice, scurrying about in cages, with rats' fur growing on their necks and rats' blood in their veins.

There were nervous cats calmed with tranquilizer drugs long before the chemists' shops had heard of them.

Last year in Britain alone there were nearly three million experiments on living animals—a vast and ever-growing army enlisted in medicine's fight against disease and decay.

Yet, in capturing the world's attention, little Laika and her companions dramatically restated an old moral issue and rekindled the embers of an old and bitter controversy. In the House of Lords, Lord Dowding, former chief of Fighter Command, has called for a government inquiry into experiments on animals in Britain. With the support of the nine British anti-vivisection societies he has launched a campaign, calling for pledges from parliamentary candidates.

From the other side of the fence, Dr William Lane Petter of the Laboratory Animals' Centre of the Medical Research Council, has recently been complaining that although 250,000 stray cats and 100 000 unwanted dogs are destroyed annually, medical research is being seriously hampered for lack of experimental dogs and cats.

He has called on the R.S.P.C.A. to hand over the strays for research—a legal requirement in some states of the U.S. The R.S.P.C.A. indignantly refuses—an attitude which the *British Medical Journal* has stigmatized as "both hypocritical and wasteful."

Both sides have been embattled in Britain now for more than two generations. The strong emotions roused in the conflict have done little to clarify the issue. What are the facts today?

Of last year's experiments, more than seventy per cent were on mice, thirteen per cent on rats, eight per cent on guinea-pigs, three per cent on chickens, two per cent on rabbits.

Less than a half per cent involved the larger animals: 9,111 cats, 4,504 dogs, 134 horses, asses or mules.

Insulin injections

Nearly one million of the "experiments" that figured in the official statistics were merely routine procedures for standardizing drugs, sera and vaccine—routine, yet vital. In 1956, for instance, 368 batches of insulin were released in Britain to provide injections for Britain's 300 000 diabetics. To test each batch of insulin before release, seven hundred mice were needed: a total of about one quarter of a million mice.

Each mouse was injected hypodermically, like a human diabetic. If it showed the expected effects in the expected time—insulin lowers the sugar content in the blood, producing lethargy in the normally constituted—it was given a counteracting injection of sugar to restore its blood to normal.

Another routine method in standardizing drugs is known as LD 50—the ascertainment of the lethal dose," determined at the point where fifty per cent of the group of small laboratory animals to which it is given die.

Mice are mainly used for such purposes because very large numbers are needed and the mouse multiplies at a satisfactory rate, from one pair between fifty and 150 can be bred in a year. And, because of its short life cycle, the mouse can be used in work on nutrition or the influence of heredity where to get similar results from man would take very many years.

To increase their usefulness, mice have themselves been "standardized" as laboratory animals. The M.R.C.'s Laboratory Animals' Centre at Carshalton, in Surrey has perfected eleven strains, each tailored for a particular range of experimental purposes.

In the past, however, tests have often been frustrated because the mice would die of natural diseases before the experiment was concluded.

So at I.C.I.'s new pharmaceutical laboratories, set in a 350-acre park at Alderley, Cheshire, scientists planned to eliminate this difficulty by creating a one hundred per cent perfect mouse.

The super mouse

The three-storey Animal Breeding Unit at Alderley occupies a ten-acre glade remote from other buildings. Everyone entering it must pass through changing and decontamination rooms through disinfectant troughs where the air above is irradiated with ultra-violet (germ-killing) light. A fence surrounding the buildings keeps out wild mice and rabbits. Sprays kill any insects.

Within this strange, aseptic world, their cages automatically cleansed, automatically supplied with six and a half tons of drinking water each day, lives a legion of hygienic mice and rats. The stock from which they were bred were delivered from their mothers not by natural birth but by caesarean section. They were raised, artificially on cow's milk lest they imbibe parental imperfections.

No pains are spared to maintain this purity. The breeding-rooms have no windows, no natural ventilation. The air in them is changed ten times a day by an air-conditioning plant. On the top floor their food is pasteurized, vitaminized, processed into cubes and delivered every three hours through steel tubes.

When the time comes for the mouse to be transferred from the breeding unit to one of the experimental animal houses it makes its exit through a horizontal steel drum with an airtight door at either end. Only one door can be opened at a time and thus the steel drums constitute an aseptic airlock.

Thus, in the eyes of science Robert Burns's "wee, sleekit cow'rin', tim'rous beastie" becomes a living test tube and foundation of the pharmaceutical revolution which in the last twenty years has transformed the practice of medicine almost out of recognition.

The "wonder drugs" of today were

continued on page 40

The girl who married a prince– and didn't live happily ever after

Marriage: The group captain's twenty-three year old daughter and forty-two year old Prince Vittorio Massimo are married in Rome. It was a glittering climax to a much publicised engagement

Films: Scenes like this with Vittoria de Sica in *The Bed* were said to have angered the prince. He denied it, saying he approved of Dawn's career

Farm: What more could a girl ask for? Prince Vittorio converted his ancestral castle, which has its own farm, into a modern summer residence

Dawn Addams, the showgirl, won the heart of an aristocrat—and it looked like the perfect storybook romance. But now the old fairytale has a new-fangled ending—"total incompatibility"

Newlyweds: Still deliriously happy after five months, Dawn and her husband combine their holidays with the Venice Film Festival

Baby: Just before their first anniversary Dawn presents her husband with a son and heir. He was born in London, and christened Stefano

Heartbreak: Dawn sobs at a press conference she held to announce the end of her fairytale. The reason—"our total incompatibility of character"

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iller yet — THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN

THE RACE TO THE NORTH

alf the men in Labrador

have something to hide.

id they keep on insisting

ther had gone mad . . . ?

I WAS a long time getting to sleep that night—my second in Labrador. The bunkhouse bed was uncomfortable. I had to be up and away in the small hours if I was to avoid being caught by Laroche.

I am Ian Ferguson. A week ago in London, my father, a ham radio operator and a sick man, died of shock after picking up an S O S from an airborne survey party whose plane had crashed in Labrador.

I passed the message to the authorities, but they wouldn't believe it. They said my father couldn't have been in his right mind when he died—because, days before, he claimed to have received the S O S, Laroche, the crashed plane's pilot, had trekked out of the wilderness and said that the other two men of the party, Briffe and Baird, were dead.

I still believed my father—and that meant somebody might still be alive in the Labrador wilds. I flew to Labrador and saw McGovern, boss of the mining company which had sent out the survey plane. He and his assistant, Bill Lands, insisted that my father must have imagined the S O S, that he was obsessed with Labrador because my grandfather had died on an expedition there in 1900.

Determined to follow the thing through, I hitched a ride on the new Labrador railway to Construction Camp 134 and found a message for me there, from Laroche. I was to wait for him. But I did not trust the man. I wanted to press on to Camp 263 to question an engineer, Ray Darcy, the first man to see Laroche after his escape.

When I finally got to sleep, it seemed only a moment before somebody shook me awake. Leaning over me, the scar he had got in the crash ugly on his scalp, was—Laroche.

PART THREE

LAROCHE had let go of my shoulder and was standing there staring down at me. He said: "I came by plane. I was afraid I'd miss you if I waited for the supply train." He unzipped his parka and sat down on the foot of the bed, tugging at the silk scarf round his neck. "It's hot in here."

The diesel heater in the passage was going full blast and the boarded and papered window gave no ventilation. I could feel the sweat clammy on my face and lying in a hot, uncomfortable pool round my neck. The atmosphere was stifling. But that wasn't the reason why my heart was pounding. I was scared of the man.

He had taken off his silk scarf and was wiping his face with it, and I wondered what he was going to do now that he'd caught up with me. I watched him remove his parka and then he was sitting there in a thick woollen bush shirt, staring at nothing. He looked desperately tired.

"Have you told Lands I'm here?" I asked him, and my voice was hoarse.

No. I wanted to talk to you first." He lit a cigarette, his hand trembled slightly and he drew the smoke into his lungs as though the nerves were crying out for it. Then, abruptly, he said: "Why did you jump that plane and come up here? Didn't you believe what I told you?"

I didn't say anything and silence hung over the room so that the metallic ticking of the alarm clock sounded unnaturally loud. And all the time I was wondering why he hadn't told Lands, why he had needed to see me first.

"Why didn't you believe me?" he demanded sharply. "You didn't believe me, did you?"

It's not a question of whether I believed you or not," I said.

He nodded. "No, I guess not." His hands gripped the silk scarf as though he wanted to tear it in shreds. And then he muttered something that sounded like "Fate" and shook his head.

"I still can't believe it's true," he breathed. "That old man's son sitting there at his radio, listening to the reports, waiting for it to happen."

"Do you mean my father?"

But he didn't seem to hear. "It's like a nightmare," he whispered. And then he turned his head, looking straight at me, and said: "I suppose you think I killed them or something?" He gave a quick, harsh laugh. "Because my name is Laroche eh? Oh, you needn't look so startled. I knew what your father had been thinking as soon as I read the reports." He paused, and then went on: "Why did you lie to McGovern? Why did you tell him you didn't know the name of the man who'd accompanied your grandfather?"

"Well, it's true," I said. "I'd never heard of the Ferguson Expedition until twenty-four hours ago."

He stared at me as though I'd said the earth was flat. "You'd never heard of it. But that's absurd. You've admitted your father was obsessed by Labrador. You couldn't have grown up not knowing the reason for that obsession. And then, when you heard about that transmission, you must have known the reason he invented it, otherwise you'd never have come all this way . . ."

"He didn't invent it," I declared hotly.

"Well, imagined it then."

He didn't imagine it either." I was suddenly trembling with anger. "He picked up a transmission and recorded it in his log. And that transmission was from Briffe. I don't care what you or anybody else says—"

"He couldn't have." His voice was pitched suddenly higher. "The radio was in the aircraft when it sank. I told you that before, Ferguson. Baird was dead. I'm sure he was dead. And Briffe had nothing to transmit with."

"And was Briffe dead?" I said in a whisper.

His eyes focused on me slowly and I saw them dilate as he realized what he'd been saying. He opened his mouth, but no words came, and it was then that I knew for certain that he'd left Briffe alive. He couldn't bring himself to repeat the lie he'd told so glibly in Lands's office.

"I must get some sleep." He had pulled on the parka and was muttering to himself. "It's sleep I need." He turned towards the door, then stopped. "What are you going to do now? You should go home. Nobody believes you."

I kept still and didn't say anything, hoping he'd go. But he came back to the foot of the bed. "You're going on. Is that it? Into the bush? To try and find them? You'll never get there. Never." He swallowed jerkily. "You don't know what it's like. There's nothing. Nothing at all. Jackpine and muskeg and reindeer moss and water—lake after lake. You're crazy to think of it. You'll die. You don't know what it's like."

SUDDENLY the hut door opened and footsteps sounded on the bare boards. And then Bob Perkins was there, stopped in the doorway by the sight of Laroche. "Sorry," he said, looking uncertainly at the two of us. "Thought you'd be asleep." He hesitated, and then said: "If you two want to talk—"

"No," I said quickly. "No, we've finished." I was intensely relieved to see him.

Laroche hesitated, staring at Perkins. "I must think . . ." he murmured. He turned to me. "The supply train doesn't get in till eight tomorrow. I checked. And there are no planes. I'll talk to you again in the morning . . . when I've had some sleep." He pushed past Perkins, walking in a daze, and then the outer door closed and he was gone.

I felt the sweat damp on my face then and realized I was trembling.

"That was Laroche, wasn't it?" Perkins asked.

I nodded, feeling suddenly limp.

"Thought so." Perkins was looking at me curiously. "He hopped a northbound flight and persuaded the pilot to land him here." I thought he was going to question me, but in the end he went over to his bed and began to undress. "By the way," he said, "I got your message through to Goose."

"Thanks."

He switched off the light and got into bed. "You've another hour and a half before Luigi calls you." He added: "Laroche evidently doesn't know about the ballast train. You

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'GIN AND ORANGE'

The popularity of this homely drink never wavers... and here's the simple recipe: Half fill shaker with ice and add half a measure of Gordon's* Dry Gin and half a measure of Orange Squash; shake well and strain into a cocktail glass. If preferred as a long drink add soda or tonic water to taste.

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

HARBOUR IN SOLITUDE

A harbour should be seen on a winter's morning,
The tide low, and leggy shadows leaning
Across the wrinkled sands where sea-blown birds
Stilt-walk along the water's fringe
of wrack and weed,
And wind scrambles their cries
with bells, waves, words.
Beyond storm's claws boats tilt on the dry sea-bed
And natty sandpipers dance to their own keening.
Not in summer, plump and sleek with dreaming,
Not in the hum of summer, the sunlight teeming
With patchwork of sails and
boats in holiday mood,
A jostle of yachts and dinghies
and lubber laughter . . .
A harbour needs winter and winter's solitude,
And a shoal offshore, with gulls dive-bombing after
As back they wheel on the wind,
to the harbour homing.

MARGARET RHODES

The race to the north

continued from previous page

don't want him to know where you've gone do you? Well, I won't tell him anything.

Thank you," I said. "You've been a good friend.

A moment later he was snoring peacefully. But I couldn't sleep, for my mind was too full of Laroche's visit. I was sure now that he'd left Briffe alive and that I had to get north as fast as I could and talk to Darcy. I had to find somebody who would believe me—or else locate this Lake of the Lion myself.

It seemed an age before the truck came. But at last I heard it draw up outside and then the light in the passage went on and the driver poked his head round the door. "If you want the ballast train, you better hurry.

PERKINS didn't stir. He lay on his back with his mouth open, snoring. I slipped into my clothes and went out to the truck with my suitcase. The night was bitterly cold—no stars now, not a glimmer of light from the sleeping camp. We took the same road with its iron ruts, bumping and lurching out past the airstrip buildings to the ballast pit where the train stood black in the headlights on the top of an embankment.

The driver set me down right below the caboose. It was an old-fashioned guard's van with an iron chimney poking out through the roof and, as the truck drove off, a torch flashed above me. "Who's that?" a voice called out of the night. And when I explained, he shouted "Henri Passenger for you."

An oil lamp flickered beside the ballast wagons and a voice answered "*Bon, bon.*" He was there waiting for me when I reached the track. "*Bon jour, m'sieur.*" The lamp was flashed on my face. "Ah, but of course. You are English, no? I am Henri Gaspard." As he shook my hand his face showed in the glow of the lamp he held. It was a sad lined face with a little waxed moustache. "You are only just in time, *mon ami*. We are leaving now." He led me to the caboose and waved me in. "My home," he said.

He left me then and I swung myself up into the van. Inside it was spotlessly clean and surprisingly cosy. There was a cabin with lower and upper berths on either side, and beyond that a sort of saloon with leather-cushioned seats and a table, and, right at the end, a wood fired stove as big as a kitchen range.

I sat down. For a long time nothing happened, and then suddenly there were shouts and a whistle blew. I went out on to the platform at the back. Torches flickered along the line and the black silence of the night was suddenly broken by the mournful hoot of the locomotive. Couplings clashed in a rising crescendo of sound that culminated in the caboose being jerked into motion. Henri swung himself up on to the platform beside me. "*Alors, nous marchons.*"

I stayed there, watching the single lit window that marked the airstrip buildings slide past. After that there was nothing, no glimmer of light, no sign of the camp. The jackpine forest had closed round us and there was only the rattle of the wheels on the rail joints and the cold and the black night. I went back into the warmth of the caboose where the oil lamp danced on its hook and Henri stood at the stove brewing coffee.

I had a cup of coffee and a cigarette with him, and then excused myself and went to bed in one of the upper bunks. I lay like a log, only dimly conscious of the stops and the sound of movement and voices. After a long time there were shouts and the clash of couplings and I woke up, feeling cold and cramped and sweaty with sleeping in my clothes. When I rolled over to face the grimy window, I found myself staring out into a cold grey world of Christmas trees, all dusted white with snow.

I CLAMBERED slowly down from the bunk and went out to the rear of the caboose. Men were walking along beside the train, winding open the double floor doors of the wagons so that they spilled ballast out on either side of the tracks as they trundled slowly forward. The rails ran out behind us in two black threads that were finally swallowed up in the white of the jackpine, and when I dropped to the ground so that I could look ahead, it was the same . . . there was nothing anywhere in that cold, harsh world but the train, a lonely intruder.

I climbed back into the caboose, for I wasn't dressed for this sort of cold. There was nobody else there now and I sat on the lower berth, shivering and looking out through the window. A board with 235 painted on it slid past, and shortly afterwards the train clanked over some points and stopped. We shunted backwards then, switching on to another track and finally came to rest.

"*La fin du voyage,*" Henri called to me from the rear platform. "Come. I give you to my friend Georges."

I followed him out of the caboose to find we were on a section of double track. Parked close behind us was a line of old coaches with smoke rising from their iron chimneys.

Bunk ouse train," Henri said as we trudged through soft snow. "You get breakf'st 'ere." He looked down at my shoes and shook his head. "You get clothes from store queek, *mon ami* -or you die, eh?"

We clambered up into the fourth coach. A bare trestle table with wooden benches on either side ran the length of it, and from the far end came the smell of coffee and the sizzle of frying. It was hot like an oven after the cold outside. "Georges!" A big man in a dirty white apron emerged. I was introduced and then Henri shook my hand and left. "Breakfast in quarter of an hour," Georges said and disappeared into the cookhouse.

A little later men began to pile in, a mixed, half-dressed crowd who filled the benches and sat there, still red-eyed with sleep and not talking. A boy heaped food on the table—steaks and bacon and eggs, great piles of bread, pots of coffee and tea and tin bowls full of cornflakes. It was a gargantuan breakfast eaten hurriedly. Then they were gone as quickly as they had come, like a plague of locusts.

What did I do now? I sat there, finishing my coffee, whilst the boy cleared the debris from the table. The

snow outside was thicker than ever big wet flakes swirling softly There was the hoot of a diesel and then the empty ballast train went clanking past the windows And when it was gone there was nothing but the empty track and beyond that a dreary view of stunted jackpine growing out of flat, swampy ground

Georges came in and I asked him how I could get up to Head of Steel "Is anybody going up from here, do you think?" I asked him

He shook his head "The boys you are ballast gang They're rail lifting and packing the ballast you just brought in. They ain't going to Head of Steel. But I guess there'll be somebody come through with a gas car during the day" He added "You want some clothes? Guess I can fix you up But they'll be cast-offs mind."

He went out, and a few minutes later came back with a sort of bundle. "Sort those over an' take anything you fancy"

I found a parka, a fur cap, trousers and boots Then I sat staring out of the window watching the track Nothing came

WHEN the ballast gang returned for lunch I was still there. Half-way through a large steak I thought I heard the hoot of a locomotive It was a faint, faraway sound, scarcely audible above the noise of fifty men shovelling energy back into their bodies but I jumped to my feet and went to the door peering out along the line

It came again, a sad sound carried by the wind and far down the track to the south my eyes became focused on a small blob that didn't seem to move, but yet grew steadily larger I jumped down and stood beside the track watching it grow until I could see the yellow of the diesel's paintwork against the drab white background of melting snow As it came thundering down on me, I could feel the weight of it beating at the ground under my feet Then it was on me with a rush of air pressing me back against the dining coach There was a smell of hot oil, a glimpse of huge driving wheels, and a long line of wagons and coaches

I clambered back into the diner and sat down again at the table. "Was that the supply train?" I asked the man next to me

He nodded his mouth full Laroche had probably been aboard

The men drifted back to work. It was nearly one thirty I sat down by one of the windows, staring out across the empty main track to the solid wall of the jackpine beyond I'd give it until three. If I didn't get a lift by three, I'd start walking Ten miles . . . say, four hours. I'd be at Head of Steel about dusk Nobody would see me then, and I could slip past the supply train and head north

TIME passed slowly and nobody came up the line Then, at three o'clock when I was getting ready to leave, the sound of a speeder came from the track outside I looked out to see Bill Lands dismount and join two men who had evidently been waiting for him

I felt trapped The speeder had stopped outside the diner, the engine ticking over with a gentle putter that was muffled by the thick glass of the windows Boots sounded on the iron grating at the end of the coach and then the door slammed back. I kept facing the window as the men came in

You got my message then, Al Lands's voice was right behind me as he came down the coach "You know why I asked you and Paddy to meet me here? It's about that ballast coming up from One-three-four . . ."

He checked suddenly and said "Heh My — s on the track Hey, you!"

I knew he'd turned and was staring at my back I couldn't ignore him and at the same time I didn't dare turn to face him "Can you drive a speeder?" he demanded

It was the opportunity I'd been wanting, the excuse to get out without raising their suspicions. But I hesitated because the door seemed a long way off and I was afraid my voice might give me away

"I asked you whether you could drive a speeder" His voice was impatient

"Sure," I said, making for the door

Maybe it was my voice, or maybe I moved too quickly I heard him say "Who is that guy?" But he didn't wait for an answer He was already coming after me. "Just a minute."

I had almost reached the door where my suitcase stood and I might have made a dash for it then, but I hadn't had time to think what the use of a speeder could mean to me. I just felt it was hopeless to try to get away, and so I turned and faced him.

He had almost caught up with me but when I turned and he saw my face he stopped abruptly "Bergeson!" There was a look of blank astonishment in his eyes as though he couldn't believe it "It's the hell I And then his big hand is reached

It was the sledge that he was going to hit me that made my brain seize on the one thing that might stop him. "Brille is alive" I said

He checked then "Alive?"

At least he was when Laroche left him I'm certain of that now Laroche came to my room last night and he very nearly admitted

"What room? Where?"

"At One three four

"That's the Bert sat Seven Islands"

"No" I said He followed me to One three four He's probably at Head of Steel now He's scared and"

"So would I be scared. I'd be scared as hell with a crazy fool like you persecuting me."

I backed away from him into the open doorway I was out on the steel platform then and below me was the track with the speeder standing there I slammed the door in his face and leaped down on to the track and straight on to the speeder I let go the brake and thrust it into gear, revving the engine as he hit the ground beside me. He reached out and grabbed at the handrail just as I got the speeder moving He missed it and I heard him swear, and then his feet were pounding after me But by then I was gathering speed, and after that I couldn't hear anything but the sound of the engine and the wheels on the rail joints.

NOW I was clear of him That was what the wind sang in my ears. Clear, and I had transport I glanced back over my shoulder He was standing in the middle of the track shouting something and waving his arms I didn't know if he was trying to warn me and I waved back out of sheer bravado. and then I pushed the throttle wide open, crouching low and riding the speeder like a motor bike

Soon there was nothing but the twin rails streaming out ahead of me to a long curve where the speeder bucked and swayed When I looked back again, the bunkhouse train had vanished. I was riding alone, with nothing behind or in front but the track and the snow-spattered jackpine

For the first mile or two I was swept forward on a tide of exhilaration—the sense of speed, the illusion of power I felt that nothing could stop me from reaching Lake of the Lion and finding Brille still alive, and I drove the speeder full out, the wheel flanges screaming on the curves and the virgin country streaming past on either side

But the mood didn't last My fingers stiffened with cold where the gloves were worn, my feet became deadened lumps inside the chill casing of my boots. and the wind on my face was a biting blast I hit a bad patch, where the track had recently been ballasted and the steel was half buried in gravel, and I had to throttle down I became conscious of the country then, the difficulties that faced me, Lands would phone Head of Steel and the whole organization would be against me

I must have passed dozens of telegraph poles lying beside the track before it dawned on me that the linesmen hadn't yet reached this section of the track Lands couldn't phone them He'd have to get another speeder and come after me I opened the throttle wide again Then the track went into a long bend Round the bend I found a little group of engineers gathered round their speeder, which had been

Sally Piles It On

Sally said the last time she tried to diet it was all bananas and milk, bananas and milk for a week, and she hadn't been able to touch either since. But then the whole business got frightfully scientific, with calorie counts and total quotas, though that was old hat now and the latest idea seemed to be that you could eat absolutely anything, and *fried*, as long as you kept off potatoes, and suet puddings of course, and macaroni

Sally had never been a suet fan, she said, so she reckoned the time was ripe to start again, and it really was the best diet she'd ever tackled, with special emphasis on cream, steak, salmon, lots of salad and asparagus tips.

Actually, John did complain a bit when she asked for extra housekeeping on Wednesday, but as she told him, it was so that she could stay the girl he'd fallen in love with, and anyway better than buying a lot of new clothes. So the whole family lived like kings for a week.

It was all so delicious, in fact, she ate about twice what she usually did, but the diet said she need never feel hungry and not to worry about having second helpings. So now it was a ghastly blow to find she'd put *on* two pounds. Two pounds! Obviously the way to slim, said Sally, was to live on rice pudding and stuff you wouldn't dream of having more than you could help. She wondered why nobody had found it out before.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Definition

"To husband" means "to save"
It's so,
I've looked it up again.
But dictionaries, as you know,
Are mostly made by men.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Foreign Affairs

A Naples watchmaker has applied for a patent on a new type of alarm clock for heavy sleepers. If the alarm is not turned off after the bell first rings, an electronic tape sets off the honking of a car horn, then the barking of a dog. If these fail to arouse the sleeper, the alarm then lets off several sharp pistol shots and the deafening boom of a cannon

A new sound vies with the music and murmur of conversation in some New York restaurants—the sound of Sputnik-like "bleeps." It issues from the waitresses, all of whom carry tiny transistor radios in their pockets and small microphones to speed up service.

One "bleep" means an order is ready Two indicate that there is a query in the kitchen. Only drawback is that some customers mistake the "mikes" for hearing aids and shout their orders.

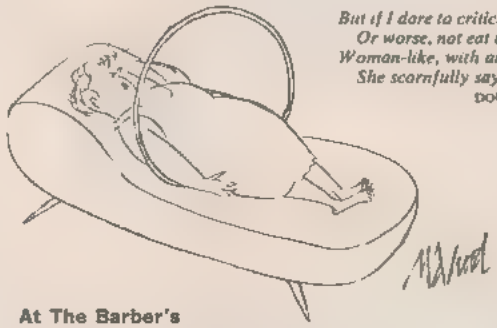
Cookery Lessons

Every dish my daughter makes
At school on us is tried
Pies and puddings, biscuits, cakes,
Carried home with pride.

If I praise it, she will look
Contented as a cat,
But say, "Oh anyone could cook
A simple thing like that."

But if I dare to criticize,
Or worse, not eat it, then
Woman-like, with angry eyes,
She scornfully says, "Men!"

DOUGLAS GIBSON



At The Barber's

Why do we have to have our hair cut, Daddy?

It's too long.

Ladies have it longer, don't they?

They look better that way

Is it more manly to have it short?

Much more manly.

Yours is getting quite nice and manly on top, isn't it?

Yes.

Do you wish you had just a *little* bit more hair there?

How about reading your comic for a change?

Will your head get balder as you get older?

I don't know

Will it get bald all over like that man in the chair? I said will it get bald all over like that old man

Why don't you stop yelling your head off? I can hear you

What would you do with your haircut money if you had no hair?

I'll let you know

Would you buy a wig, like that man on television?

Which man?

You know, when Mummy said he was gorgeous, and you said it was only a wig, and she said at least he didn't have to spend half his life fertilizing it. I said the one Mummy said was gorgeous, and you said

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Four Games for Fun!

SCRABBLE

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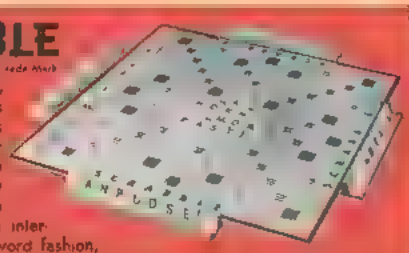

Millions play Scrabble, one of the world's finest games. There is no better game for adults and yet children just able to spell may play, too. Two, three or four players form interlocking words, crossword fashion, using highly finished letter tiles, with various score values. Each player competes for high score by using his letters to take best advantage of letter values.

Turntable enabling the Playing Board to be rotated to face each player in turn 5/6

SCRABBLE De Luxe complete with Turntable and Scoring Device 35/-

Standard Edition 21/-

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All the thrills of the stock exchange in your own home, without its risks. The game is for 3-10 players who buy and sell shares with skill and luck to try to double their capital. Fun galore and full of thrills, too—just the game for your family and your Christmas party.

22/6

BALI

Bali is the best pocket-size word game for 1-4 players, entirely different from any other being neither a crossword nor patience type of game. It contains 108 fine patience-size playing cards. Play it alone or with your friends—or with children (from 9 years).

7/6

BEAT THE CLOCK

TV's most popular game is now available for your party and family circle. The set, prepared by writers of the "Beat the Clock" show, contains equipment and instructions for 40 hilarious stunts and a goodly ticking "Clock". See if you can Beat the Clock and ask for this ideal Christmas present at your toy dealer.

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The race to the north

continued from previous page

lifted clear of the track. As I rattled past them one of them shouted what sounded like *"Attention!"*

He was a French Canadian with a round fur cap like a Russian and before I had worked out that it was a shout of warning I was into the next bend. Round that bend I heard the lost hoot of an owl. Then I saw there was something on the line ahead. I slammed on the brake.

Before the speeder had jerked to a halt I could see the yellow paintwork of the locomotive, could feel the rails trembling under me. I did the only thing I could and flung the gear lever into reverse, opening the throttle wide and tearing back down the track, round the bend to where the little knot of engineers stood waiting.

The instant I stopped they crowded round, the lifting bars were pulled out and then they dragged the speeder clear just as the train came rumbling round the curve. The hooter waned again, loud as a trumpet note between the enclosing walls of the jackpine, and then the heavy locomotive was on top of us, sliding by at walking pace with a slow piston-beat of power.

The driver leaned out and shouted down "You want to commit suicide, just jump in the muskeg. Don't pick on me." He spat into the slush at my feet and went back to the controls. The beat increased with a roar like a power station and the diesel gathered way again. Behind came two wooden coaches with men looking down at us incuriously from the windows.

That was when I saw Laroche again. He was in the second coach and for an instant our eyes met. I saw him jump to his feet and swing himself out of the coach doorway. I thought for a moment he was going to jump. But the train gathered speed too quickly.

I watched the train as it dwindled down the track and the only thought in my mind then was that the way was clear for me to get to Camp 263. Laroche was behind me now, and Lands, too, and as long as I kept ahead of them there'd be nobody who knew me at Head of Steel.

The French Canadian with the fur cap was looking at me curiously. "Why don't you check when you enter this section?" he asked. "You might have killed yourself."

"I was in a hurry," I said.

"Sure. So is everybody else. But Mr Lands won't thank you if you wreck his speeder."

I thought he was going to ask me why I was riding it, but instead he turned to his men and told them to get it back on the track. "That's the trouble with this outfit," he grumbled. "Too much dam' hurry."

Three miles farther on I was stopped by a ballast gang. Their gas cars had been dumped beside the track to let the supply train through, but the track-lifting and ballast-tamping machines were already back at work on the track and there was nothing for it but to abandon my speeder and continue on foot. Head of Steel, they told me, was two miles up the line.

Walking was hard, and the wind had swung into the north, so that it cut through my borrowed clothing and chilled the sweat on my body. Out across the marsh, where the black line of the scrub joined the iron-grey sky, I caught a glimpse of hills that were snow-backed and bare.

It seemed a long time that I trudged across that desolate area of swamp but at last round a bend, I came on a gang of men working with drills and machine-operated spanners, bolting the rails together and driving spikes. The detached chassis and wheels of dismantled rail transporters lay beside the track, and up ahead were more men and machines, and beyond them the steel-laying train.

Everywhere about me now there was a sense of movement, of drive and thrust and effort, so that Labrador seemed suddenly crowded and full of life. The track laid on the bare gravel without ballast like toy rails in a sandpit, had a newness about it that showed that it hadn't been there yesterday, and walking beside it, through all these gangs of men, I felt conspicuous.

When I reached the train itself, it was in a steep cut and I was forced to walk close beside it, so that when I reached the bunkhouse section I was conscious of men lounging in the open doorways of the coaches, staring down at me. I went on until at last I could see the steel-laying crane swinging with a length of rail. A whistle blew and the crane swung back, its jaw empty. The train hooted and then moved forward a few yards. Another length of track had been laid.

So fascinating was the rhythmic thrusting of this train into the unknown that for the moment I forgot everything else and climbed half-way up the side of the cut to watch it. A man stood signalling with his hands to the crane-driver and shouting instructions to the steel-laying gang, and as the rail came down on to the grade they seized hold of it, thrusting it into place on the ties and spiking it there with the balanced swing of sledge-hammers.

"Hey you!" A man stood looking up at me from beside the crane, his scarlet bush shirt a splash of colour in the gathering dusk. "Yeah, you. What the hell do you think you're doing up there—watching a rodeo or somepin?"

His voice and the way he stood there suggested authority, and I scrambled quickly down, conscious that he was watching me. "If you're not working, just keep clear of the steel-laying," he shouted. "How many times I got to tell you guys?"

He was still watching me as I reached the track, and I turned my back on him and hurried down the train. Maybe it was imagination, but I felt I had aroused his curiosity.

At that moment a whistle blew. A voice near me called out "chow." And then the steel-laying gang were coming down the cut, walking with the slack drag of men whose muscles are suddenly relaxed. I was swept up and went with the tide to the bunkhouse coaches. There were other gangs coming up from the rear of the train, all converging on the diner. I waited my turn and clambered up relieved to feel that I was no longer alone but one of a crowd. If I was going up beyond Head of Steel then it would be better to go after dark when nobody would see me, and with a full belly.

The lights were on inside the diner, and there was warmth and the smell of food. Nobody spoke to me as I pushed my way into a vacant place at the trestle table and reached out for whatever I wanted. There was soup, steak with fried egg and potatoes and cabbage, canned fruit and cream. And when I'd finished I cadged a cigarette off the little Italian next to me and sat over my mug of coffee, smoking and listening to the sudden hubbub of conversation.

There was a sudden cessation of sound from the end of the diner and through the smoke haze I saw the man in the scarlet bush shirt standing in the doorway. The boss of the steel-laying gang was with him.

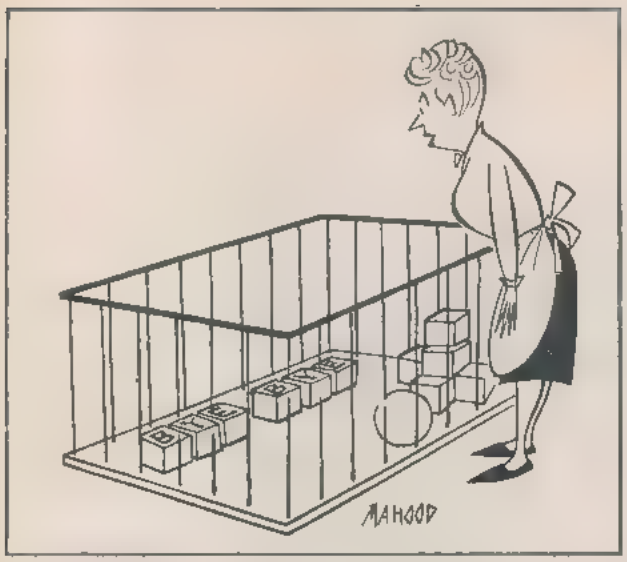
"Who's that?" I asked the Italian.

"The guy in the red shirt?" he asked. "You don't-a-know?" He

ANCESTORS—1

He who serves well his country has no need of ancestors.

Voltaire



seemed puzzled 'That's Dave She, too. He's in charge at Head of Steel'

I glanced quickly at the doorway again. The two men were still standing there and Shelton was looking straight at me. He turned and asked the other man a question and I saw the gang foreman shake his head. Then Shelton was pushing his way down the diner. I sat staring at my mug, waiting.

'You work here?" The voice was right behind me, and when I didn't answer a hand gripped my shoulder and swung me round "I'm talking to you.'

The men round me had stopped talking so that I was at the centre of a little oasis of silence.

Well do you work here or not?'

No, I said.

"Then what are you doing in this diner?"

'Having a meal," I said, and a ripple of laughter ran down the table. The line of Shelton's mouth hardened and, in an effort to appease him, I added quickly, "I'm an engineer. It was supper time when I got here, and I just followed the others——"

"Where's your card?" he demanded

"My card?"

"Your card of employment as an engineer on the line. You haven't got one, have you?" He was suddenly sure of himself. What's your name?' And when I didn't answer, he said It's Ferguson, isn't it?'

I nodded knowing it was no use trying to deny it.

His hand fastened on my shoulder again "Come on. Let's get going, fellers I've instructions to send you back to base just as fast as I can."

There was nothing I could do but follow him down the diner feeling rather like a criminal.

Half way down he stopped 'Your speeder still on the track, Joe?" he asked one of the men

He was a big fellow with a broken nose who looked as though he'd been a heavyweight boxer 'Sorry, Mr Shelton,' he said I cleared it just before.'

'Well get it back on the track right away. You're taking this guy down to Two-twenty four.'

"Okay Mr Shelton The man scrambled to his feet, not bothering to finish his coffee

'He'll have to wait till we've dumped the empty steel wagons," the foreman said, "The train'll be backing up to clear the cut any minute now."

'Well, see if you can get your speeder on the track and parked down the line before they start. Otherwise you won't get started for an hour"

"Okay, Mr. Shelton." The man headed for the door.

"You wait here," Shelton said to me. 'And you better wait with him, Pat,' he told the foreman Then he went out and disappeared up the track.

The men were streaming out of the diner now and the gang foreman and I stood back to let them pass. As the last two men reached the exit door, a voice from the track called up, "Take this, will you?" One of them reached down, grabbed a suitcase and dropped it on the platform almost at my feet.

I don't know what made me bend down and look at it—something about its shape, maybe, or perhaps subconsciously I had recognised the voice. At any rate I did, and then I just stood there, staring at it stupidly. It was my own suitcase, the one I'd left in the bunkhouse train ten miles back when I'd jumped Lands's speeder.

And then I heard Lands's voice, outside on the track. "Okay, but we can't do that till we've seen Dave Anyway, I want to get a radio message through to Two-sixty-three. My guess is . . ." The rest was drowned in a prolonged hoot from the locomotive Peering out, I could see Lands's padded bulk moving off up the train There was somebody with him, but I couldn't see who it was.

"What are you up to?" The foreman's hand gripped my arm

"Nothing," I said. I was wondering whether it was Laroche I'd seen

Then the locomotive hooted again, two short blasts. There was a clash of buffers and the coach jerked into motion, the yellow sides of the cut sliding past the open door It came to me in a flash then that this was my chance. If I were going to contact Darcy, I'd have to move quickly.

I think it was the suitcase that decided me. Unless Lands or Laroche had removed them, it contained my father's log books. At least I'd have those to show Darcy, and I felt suddenly that I was meant to go on, that the suitcase was a sign.

The clatter of the wheels over the rail joints was speeding up, the sides of the cut slipping by faster, and I reached for the suitcase

"What are you doing with that?" The foreman's voice was suspicious.

'It happens to be my suitcase," I said. I saw the look of surprise on his face, and then I jumped

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NEXT WEEK I strike out into the wilds beyond Head of Steel—alone

Stranger in Barrasay

continued from page 10

had to be me. I went up to her house as soon as I got ashore and told her that Harry had been lost over the side I didn't tell her more—then

Naturally there was an inquiry into Harry's death I told the court that we had quarrelled and were fighting out there on the deck and that the quarrel was over Jessie. I said that Harry's death had been an accident My father, luckily, could back me up in that It was he that had shouted down at us from the wheelhouse suddenly seeing us there in a rift of the fog, seeing, too, the sweep of that great and fatal sea, and Harry Roberts carried away to his death. And the finding of the court was that it had been an accident.

Jessie took it all much less hard than I had feared. In a queer sort of way she seemed almost relieved that Harry had gone, though of course she was very distressed

Perhaps it was because the things people had tried to tell her were facts now and not to be denied The court had wanted to know all about who Harry was. And then it turned out that he had been on the run when he came up to us, being wanted by the police for something down in Glasgow It turned out also that his next of kin was a young wife.

Jessie and I were married a year later —but not before I had told her the whole truth at last, about why Harry had gone to his death. That I had to do, because the burden of it lay heavy upon me, as it sometimes still does.

I told her about my going below for coffee that terrible day, and how he had been taunting me about my letter until I was almost out of my mind. I told her how Benny had given me her letter, and how I had had to open it and read it there, with Harry still mocking at me. And I told her how stunned and shocked I was by it.

Because, of course, Jessie had written to say she could not marry me Harry was the man she wanted

What happened then? That was the really hard part to explain. I told her how I'd seen Harry standing there, how I'd seen the curl of his lip and the look of waiting triumph on his face. How I seemed to hear his voice going on and on. I tried to tell her how, in that moment of defeat and loss, in my utter wretchedness, I'd longed for him to feel the agony I was feeling then.

It was just a blind impulse, an instinctive thing. I faced him and told him that Jessie had written to say she was going to marry me. Then I threw the letter down and told him he could read it for himself And I did that because I knew something about Harry, something I knew he was ashamed of and thought was secret, but which was a hard thing to keep secret in a fishing boat.

I knew Harry could not read

He brought about his own death. If he had not rushed after me and attacked me it would never have happened On my part the fight had been entirely defensive. There was murder in his heart, not mine

I have tried hard to persuade myself of that, and Jessie has tried even harder And most of the time now I can accept it and not worry about it any more. It is only just now and then —at times like this, as I sit here—that the weight of it comes down on me. . . .

It may be silly to say I once knew a man who died because he never went to school But I still maintain that schooling is a terribly important thing. And especially for the Harry Robertses of the world THE END

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5 · VAN GOGH

The fierce simplicity of life

WHEN in the winter of 1947 and 1948 an exhibition of Vincent Van Gogh's pictures was held at the Tate Gallery, so huge were the crowds that police were called in to marshal them. It is ironic that an artist whose complete failure contributed to an early suicide should make so overwhelming an appeal to us today

That he is one of the fathers of twentieth-century painting is a commonplace, in particular, he taught painters to use reality as a means of forcefully expressing their emotions. But he was very different from the other "fathers," Gauguin and Cézanne. They were Frenchmen, born and bred in France. Vincent (he always signed his paintings with his Christian name) was a Dutchman to whom France meant little until he was thirty-three, with less than five years of life left to him. In French painting, however exuberant and full of feeling it may be, we are always conscious of a cool mind controlling the painter's hand. Even if he is impassioned about the world around him, the artist is thinking above all of the picture he is painting.

Vincent did not work like that. His mind was not a cool one. Not that he was mad, as his abundant letters show, he was an extremely intelligent man, and well read. But he felt everything with a frightening intensity.

He thought of himself as something of a peasant, and his power is primitive and earthy. Colours always excited him, and he used them in crude, flat, well-defined shapes that make an almost physical assault on our senses and move us with their own exultation.

Restless brush strokes

The energy and vehemence of his lines and forms, the excitement and the emotion with which his hand had put them down on the canvas, make a direct and immediate impact on the senses and the imagination as well. The restless and sometimes writhing brush strokes almost batter us.

He had, too, more than one intention in painting pictures. Less than two years before he died, he painted the wife of his devoted friend, the local postman. It is a picture of a placid, matronly woman, and he entitled it *La Berceuse* or *The Cradle Song*. He said the idea came to him "to paint such a picture that sailors, who are children as well as martyrs, seeing it in their ship's cabin, should feel the old sense of cradling come over them and remember their own lullabies."

A French painter would not think like that at all.

All his life peasants working in the fields were for him an image of 'genuineness.' He said that painting pictures was worth nothing compared with having children. And he wrote: "I feel most at home in the labouring class. . . . I feel that my work lies in the heart of the people, that I must keep close to the ground and grasp life to the quick."

His passion to be of use to humanity never left him. Not long before he died he told his brother "In a picture I want to say something comforting, as music is comforting. I want to paint men and women with that something of the eternal which the halo used to symbolize and which we seek to give by the actual radiance and vibration of our colourings."

Despite Vincent's desire to "say something comforting" in a picture, we think of him as an artist expressing violent emotions. His work conveys passionate and stormy feelings—agitated lines, colours rained down in slabs and ridges on the canvas, gnarled trees, enormous suns. In such pictures he was trying to depict "the drama of storm in nature, of sorrow in human life."

From Arles in the south of France, he wrote to a fellow artist: "It's more the intensity of thought than the tranquility of touch we are after. When one is driven to work impulsively on the spot and direct from nature, I doubt whether it is always possible to preserve a calm, well ordered touch. After all, it's like being assaulted with a rapier."

The assault was, first and foremost, the heat and light of the sun. It blazes in his paintings. In his celebrated picture of the house at Arles where he had rooms he has expressed what he felt about the sun. It beats down from an intensely, almost menacingly, blue sky upon red-tiled roofs and yellow walls.

He had a passionate feeling for the colours of nature and the "message" they could have for ordinary men and women. Yellow was for him "the utmost clarity of love." Both as a colour and as a symbol it intoxicated him. Indeed, after his first serious mental breakdown, he associated the "high yellow note" with the cause of his illness and was afraid of its intensity.

Vincent's art was involved with his life and personality in a way that is rare. One distinguished English critic thought that he was not primarily an artist at all, that his personality burst into expression in paint only because it had come up against blockages everywhere else and had to find an outlet. This is much too simple a view. But though knowledge of the lives of artists can be overdone, and can get in the way of our appreciation of their work, in Vincent's case it is particularly relevant to an enjoyment of his painting.

He was born on March 30, 1853, at Groot Zundert, a village in North Brabant, where his father was a parson of the Reformed Church. At the age of sixteen, he went to work with Goupil and Co., a firm of art dealers, who transferred him, four years later, to their London branch. In London, we first hear of him drawing. "How often have I stood drawing on the Thames Embankment," he wrote. But a change came over him. After three unhappy love affairs, he became silent and depressed, and the word "eccentric" began to be applied to him. He was passing through a crisis in his life that was to remain unresolved for some five years.

In the spring of 1875, his firm sent him to Paris. Before leaving London, he set down what he resolved should be his aim in life: "to sacrifice all personal desires." His nature was deeply religious but his fervour was undisciplined and often seemed to carry a fair mixture of egoism and self will.

His religious beliefs became so fanatically evangelical that even his parents were scandalized, and the firm sacked him. For a time he did voluntary religious work in a Belgian mining village, teaching the children and visiting the sick.

But the very violence of his devotion isolated him from the people he so passionately wanted to serve. He gave away everything.

Crisis begins to lift

About this time he began to draw again, sketching objects of the miners' daily use. By the winter of 1879 the long crisis in his life was beginning to lift. "Though I feel my weakness and my painful dependence in many things, I have recovered my mental balance, and every day my energy increases," he wrote to his brother Theo. Soon he was asking for books and materials, and busied himself copying large drawings after Millet, whose pictures of peasants at their tasks engrossed his mind to the end of his life.

From this time onwards Vincent never looked back. He went to Brussels for six months, then to The Hague. Not that his life was easy or happy. He never earned any money and subsisted largely on an allowance sent him by Theo. But he was already formulating his views on colour. He would assume, he said, that it was better not simply to imitate the colours of nature. "If one is painting a head and looks closely at the model, one may think that head is a harmony of red-brown, violet and yellow, all of them broken. So these are the colours I shall paint, leaving them to blend optically."

There is a story that around this time he had piano lessons, but that his instructor took fright when Vincent tried to find out which

continued on page 30

Vincent Van Gogh painted "Road With Cypresses" at St. Remy, in France, in May, 1890, a few weeks before his death. It is in oils, on a canvas 36 × 27⅞ ins. and is owned by a museum in his native country, Holland

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notes corresponded to prussian blue and which to yellow ochre.

In search of solitude and the simplicities of the country he had returned to his father's parsonage where he lived for two years. His work followed no one programme, and more than once it changed direction. But his subjects were all to do with the labours and hardships of the poor. He had listened to teachers, but from them had taken only what he wanted. His interest was aroused as much by the subject matter of a picture as by its quality.

Already then, before his last great years of painting, we have fused together those characteristics that make Vincent a unique artist: his capacity to feel vehemently and passionately about the external world, and to convey in paint both what he saw and what he felt. This quality is shown in the painting, 'Road With Cypresses,' which is reproduced here. His dynamic lines and forms curl and uncurl in twisting spirals, restless and vibrating, charged with his passionate awareness of what it is for trees and shrubs to grow and to decay.

Years of practice

The speed at which he worked in the last years of his life was not a result of untutored genius and heaven-sent inspiration; it followed on years of continuous practice and assiduous figure drawing.

After his long stay deep in the country with his parents he again felt the need for a change back to town where he could see more pictures and find more models. In November, 1885, he went to Antwerp. Some idea of his extraordinary industry may be gained from his daily routine at this time. By day he worked in the life class at the Academy; in the evening he worked at a drawing class, after that often into the small hours, at an artists club where there was more drawing from life.

He could not work hard enough. Money that should have been spent on food went instead on hiring models. Through lack of food his teeth decayed. His stomach became so weak that when eventually money arrived he could digest nothing. Then, impetuously he decided to go to Paris, where Theo was running a subsidiary branch of Boussod and Valadon, the art dealers. One morning Theo got a note, written in chalk, to say that Vincent had arrived and was waiting for him at the Louvre.

It was February, 1886. Vincent had four years and just under six months to live, years punctuated by a series of mental breakdowns. He at once started work again at an art school. He learned little, but there were Toulouse-Lautrec and other fellow-students to open his eyes to what was going on in French painting. And at Theo's gallery he could study the Impressionists.

Theo was allowed by his bosses to collect and try to sell what they thought of as "junk," while the main establishment traded in the fashionable painters of the day. The junk was works by Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Seurat, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, and his brother Vincent. Only one of Vincent's paintings was sold during his life—for four hundred francs, about £16.

Brighter colours

But his contact with the Impressionists excited and liberated him. The tones of his painting became lighter and more luminous, with bright, unmixed colours. For a time he painted with dots of colour, like Seurat. But his methods were not those of the Impressionists. They were intellectual painters with systematic ideas on how they should make their pictures, their chief preoccupation was with securing effects.

Vincent cared more about the things he depicted than his depiction of them. Pissarro said of him that he "would either go mad or leave Impressionism far behind."

In the end, sick of the endless discussions and the Impressionists' "disastrous internal squabbles" he left. One day, in February, 1888, Theo found a note to say that Vincent had gone, to Arles in Provence. Vincent was then not quite thirty-five.

Between that day and his death, a span of some two and a half years, he realized himself once and for all. He had gone, he said, to find a different light, "to look at nature under a brighter sky," because "one feels that in the north the colours of the prism are veiled in mist."

In Arles he found the brighter sky. The light of Provence is a hard one that gives a sharp edge to every outline.

He began to speak of colours like stained glass windows and of good bold design. "The pale orange of the sunsets makes the fields appear blue," he wrote. "The sun is a splendid yellow."

His interest in colours around him was inexhaustible and, except when he was ill, he painted every day without pause.

The frenzied pace of work, under the sun and in the wind (he devised a way of keeping his easel steady in a gale) would have worn out the soundest constitution. Vincent's constitution was not sound. During a visit by the painter Gauguin in December, 1888, Vincent had an attack of some sort. Nobody knows the diagnosis of his breakdown (there appears to have been a family history of epilepsy), but on Christmas Eve in a mental crisis he slashed the lobe of his ear.

He was well again a week after the attack. But from then until the end of his life, excitement and over-fatigue brought on more breakdowns. He went to the asylum of St. Rémy, a few miles from Arles. There he lived for a year, painting the hospital and its grounds with its pine trees and cypresses and oleanders. But to keep his quiet of mind he gave up his striking colour effects and abated the brilliance of the blue sky and especially his yellow.

His greatest pictures

"I don't want anything more than a few sods of earth," he wrote, "some sprouting wheat, an olive grove, a cypress—the latter not by any means easy to do." To these days belong some of his greatest pictures. Instead of using colour contrasts he now expressed his intensity of feeling by stronger drawing of lines and forms. And the vehement way he puts on the paint and the forms themselves show at times the drama of his own oscillations of exultation and despair. His paintings of cypresses reveal also the procession of his hopes.

By the spring of 1890, institutional life among mental patients was weighing on his spirits. So Theo arranged for him to be looked after by a Dr. Gachet who was a friend and admirer of the Impressionists. Gachet practised in Auvers-sur Oise, about an hour by train from Paris, and Vincent went to live there on May 21. In the lusher north, he had a fresh lease of energy. He produced, in the next couple of months, seventy paintings in oils to say nothing of watercolours. His palette, too, became lighter and clearer again, and his paintings showed that his mood was less careworn.

The mood did not last. He thought himself a failure. Perhaps he felt madness coming on again and more darkly. "There is something else in life than pictures," he wrote, "and this something one neglects and nature seems then to revenge itself." He may well have dreaded being any further burden to Theo. His brother had recently married and his first child had been born on January 31 of that year.

Whatever the reason, on July 27 Vincent went out and shot himself in the chest. He was thirty-seven. He died two days later. Theo was with him. Theo's own indifferent health was broken. He died six months later. The two brothers are buried side by side at Auvers. The baby boy is still alive, the rich and proud possessor of a wonderful collection of his uncle's paintings, that in Vincent's lifetime nobody wanted.

It has been said that in a calmer and less anxious age Vincent Van Gogh's work would not mean so much to us. I doubt it. Vincent's work is about the unartificial, genuine things that matter to everybody. He painted out of a religious sense of the values of simple people and simple things. THE END

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I love that sinking feeling

continued from page 15

that champagne feeling. All the time—and a second in free fall seems like a minute on the ground—I can think extraordinarily clearly. All my senses are heightened by the urgency. Naturally, there is some danger. The wind tears at your clothes, and once it ripped my goggles off. This can be serious, because after a time your eyeballs dry up.

I have also learned to keep my mouth closed. Once as I turned the pilot cracked a joke. I laughed and fell out with my mouth open.

The slipstream hit me like a slap and forced my mouth to open wider. I literally drank it up. I seemed to inflate like a balloon to bursting point and for a moment I could not exhale.

But for me the compensations are always there. I shall never forget my night jump, for instance. Mike Reilly and I were talking to friends at the bar of a small flying club in the Midlands one night when a pilot said to me: "I bet you wouldn't jump at night."

I went over to the window. It was a moonless night without a whiff of wind. Half an hour later, as the little Argus purred away over the field, he shouted to me: "Look, don't be silly. I didn't mean it."

I did not reply. Down below I saw the Very light which Mike had promised to fire when we were over the centre of the field. I jumped.

It was like falling into a bottle of ink, but, after my parachute had opened I could see, far away, at both ends of the horizon, the myriad lights of two towns. There was tremendous peace. I could not see the ground at all.

After a time I pulled a powerful torch from my belt and let it down at the end of a twenty foot piece of string. Mike Reilly told me afterwards that it looked like a tiny firefly going down through the night.

The drop went on. I could see, faintly, the dark outline of my canopy high above me. But, rather disconcertingly, I could not see the rigging lines leading up to it. I saw, or almost felt, the approach of the ground when I was about ten feet up. I landed in a tiny patch of grass in the centre of an acre of demolition rubble. My luck had held.

Some very odd things have happened to me while free falling. Once I consumed a mouthful of an abrasive powder which housewives use to clean the kitchen sink. Spectators at an air display often fail to see a body tumbling out of a plane, so I strap a canister of the powder to my waist. Both ends of the canister are perforated but covered with sticky tape. When this is removed the powder flies off in a trail.

This time I pulled the sticky tape off too soon and as I jumped the powder blew into my face. I foamed at the mouth all the way down. It tasted foul.

People often speak of the danger of a parachute failing to open. Such an accident hardly ever happens. And in any case, all jumpers carry a reserve parachute.

Cross currents of air are a parachutist's nightmare. Once Mike Reilly and I were jumping over an airfield which lay between several hilly spurs near Dunstable. From the speed of the wind, we calculated our drift. Then Mike jumped.

Buffeted by currents of air rushing past the hills, he drifted way past the target and landed, happily without injury, on the club house roof.

I was sailing along when I received a signal from him not to jump because of these currents. We calculated afterwards that even if I had altered my course—by pulling in the edge of the canopy with my rigging lines—I would have drifted still farther away and would probably have landed close to, or in, the bear pit at Whipsnade Zoo.

But not knowing where you will land is part of the fun, and a parachute jumper's conversation is full of tales of landing in strange places. Mike Reilly once came down near the eighteenth hole of a golf course. Another of my friends sailed straight through a greenhouse.

Into a herd of cows

Others have landed in ponds and the branches of trees, and one friend, jumping at Farnoaks recently, sailed over the tall hedge of a private garden and came to rest, sitting up, within two feet of a table laid for tea.

I have landed in the middle of a herd of cows, and once my parachute dragged me across two ditches full of water. But on the whole, most of my landings have been soft.

At air displays most of us are careful not to land too near spectators. They often rush out and tear the nylon parachute to shreds for souvenirs.

Now, after two and a half years of jumping in all kinds of conditions, I cannot wait for the season to come again. To my family's dismay, parachute jumping has become my life.

As I get more proficient I get more fun and more benefit from it. I have discovered that jumping cures catarrh, though at £4 an hour flying time it is an expensive cure.

I have gained immensely in self confidence and physical fitness, and my reactions are now split-second sharp. If I drop a pipe in my London kitchenette I now manage to catch it before it reaches the ground.

Then there are all the amusing crazy things which happen during jumping. Once I came within forty feet of the ground and saw a man driving a tractor and trailer on the edge of a field.

I calculated my drift and feared with horror that I could well land on top of him. I tugged madly at my rigging lines and shouted at him, but all in vain. He looked right, then left, obviously intent on observing the Highway Code. I drifted over him and landed four feet in front of the tractor.

He applied his brakes very hard and nearly fell off his seat with astonishment.

Above all, parachute jumping holds out to me the greatest challenge of all. I feel that I have merely begun. I feel that the sky is the limit. THE END

RESULT OF JOHN BULL'S FAMILY FAVOURITES COMPETITION

Three readers have been judged by Frank Chacksfield, the well-known orchestra conductor and music arranger, Harry Rabinowitz, of the B.B.C., and Glyn Jones, the B.B.C. producer, to have submitted the most meritorious entries in this competition, the second of John Bull's two great free autumn contests. All three selected the following as being the ten musical items which, together, would make the best balanced programme of recorded music for an autumn evening's all-family listening.

2. Begin The Beguine
4. Come Back To Sorrento
5. Jealousy
6. Just An Old-Fashioned Girl
7. King And I (Selection)
8. Lady Of Spain
9. Oklahoma (Selection)
11. Serenade (from The Student Prince)
16. These Foolish Things
17. Tulips From Amsterdam

In accordance with the rules of the competition, the cash award of £750 is shared equally between G. A. Russell, Pershore, Worcs. Mary D. Miller, Torrance of Campsie, nr. Glasgow. E. Jackson, Western Boulevard, Nottingham. The bonus award of £250 is also divided into three and a further £83 6s. 8d. goes to G. A. Russell and Mary D. Miller, who sent in, in one envelope, the two permitted entries.

FIX IT YOURSELF
by ROGER SMITHELLS

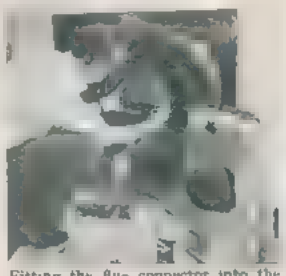
FUEL SAVER

A part of our new home is two hundred years old. How to bring a fuel-wasting open fire up to date at a reasonable cost without spoiling the original wood surround was one of our first problems. I found the answer in a free-standing Hurdapta convector which I could fix myself without making any structural changes. This type of convector has a controlled airflow and combines the charms of an open fire with the fuel economy of a closed stove.

The fire surround had eighteenth-century grace but the cast-iron fireplace was Victorian. It ate up coal but left us shivering. Most of the heat escaped up the chimney.

I bent the expanded metal flue plate to fit snugly into our chimney opening then covered it with a layer of fireproof cement. This plate reduces the flow of hot air up the chimney.

Next the plate was wedged into position and sealed into the chimney opening with more fireproof cement. Making a really efficient seal is the most vital part of the installation.



Fitting the flue connector into the flue plate is the next operation. When the Hurdapta is in position the connector is pulled down to fit over the opening at the top of the unit.

The grilles are an optional item easily bolted to the back of the casing. I cut a surround of Asbestolux (right) to fit the grilles and mask the Victorian ironwork.

A cheerful fire, a warm room and no fierce roaring up the chimney. One knob controls the air intake, another controls the air flow up the chimney. The cost of the unit is £13 19s. 6d. The grilles £2 19s. 6d. extra. In a few years the saving in fuel will more than offset the initial cost.

Monsieur le Duc could see that Virginia found guitar lessons very interesting. Timothy had to put his arm round her to help her find the right chords

The thing more than landlubbers his daughter

AMONG the many yachtsmen who descend upon Cannes for international regattas, none is more fanatically devoted to the life and lingo of going down to the sea in boats than Admiral Sir Reginald Arthur Parbuckle, K.C.B., D.S.O., R.N. (Retd.)

To the admiral, landlubbers are a lower order of life, like farm animals, useful and even necessary perhaps, and one is kind to them as a matter of course, but without any sentimental nonsense of pretending they are human.

Thus it was a considerable surprise to see him coming out of the offices of the Regatta Society in Cannes accompanied by my old friend Monsieur le Duc, who is expert to a very sharp point indeed in his profession of buying and selling doubtful antiques, but who wouldn't know a brig from a rowing boat.

The admiral's daughter, a very pretty girl named Virginia, was with them, and all three were walking together arm in arm in jolly companionship.

'Full and by!' the admiral bellowed, knocking Monsieur le Duc's homburg over his eyes with a slap on the shoulder.

They took leave of each other at the kerb, where the admiral's car, flying his yacht club pennant, was waiting, and Monsieur le Duc spotted me and cordially invited me to buy him a drink.

The admiral, Monsieur le Duc said, o

Riviera Cowboy

by WILLIAM BRANDON

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

answer to my question, was a collector of ships in bottles, and Monsieur le Duc was selling him a choice example he happened to have on hand, which the admiral had identified as a British whaleboat of about 1800—superseding Monsieur le Duc's previous tentative identification as a Phoenician pirate vessel.

Better still, Monsieur le Duc added in high good humour, seating himself at his favourite café table, the admiral was commissioning him to buy a whole flotilla of ships in bottles.

It puzzled me that the admiral would need an agent to help him spend his money, but Monsieur le Duc explained that these ships in bottles belonged to the admiral's lifelong enemy, one Baron Drang, who hated the admiral with a hard, gem-like hate.

The purchase was therefore a delicate matter requiring great prudence, and it promised to be commensurately profitable.

His artless zest at this prospect was understandable, since the only thing Monsieur le Duc likes more than money is more money, but I was curious as to what had brought about such excessive patronage. Usually, with Monsieur le Duc's customers, one transaction is enough.

"I happen to have gained the gratitude of the admiral's charming daughter by a simple act of kindness," Monsieur le Duc said nobly. "One which even you, *mon vieux*, will find yourself constrained to applaud. It is her heart's desire to learn to play American cowboy music on the guitar. *Alors*, I sold her an excellent instrument and included a free course of lessons."

I confessed I had heard of more moving acts of kindness, and I fawned to see why a free course of guitar lessons would send Virginia Parbuckle into frenzies of gratitude.

"It's true one would think of her as a rich man's daughter able to buy guitar lessons by the gross," Monsieur le Duc agreed, "but her life has its difficulties alas, even as yours and mine. Her father, the admiral, is opposed to her interest in the guitar. He is, as you doubtless know, a violent type, and not lightly crossed."

"In other words you're flogging her a guitar and a series of secret lessons, without the admiral's knowledge. For a price, of course."

"Bah bah a straw. That is to say she bought the guitar from me, and since it was one of the most prized items in my collections—the personal guitar carried on his European adventures by the noted American cowboy, Buffalo Bill—its cost was naturally substantial. But what is money compared to a good deed done?"

"Naturally. And at the same time you're acting as her father's trusted and confidential agent, also for a price."

"It works out very well. Monsieur le Duc said, savouring his cognac. 'Virginia is pleased and devotes herself to influencing the admiral on my behalf and the admiral is drunk with joy at the thought of getting Baron Drang's ships in bottles. *Enfin*, every one is content."

"Until the admiral finds out about his daughter's guitar lessons and has at you with a cutlass."

"A risk," Monsieur le Duc admitted, looking thoughtful. He brightened and said: "Now that I think of it, I have a particularly fine one he might wish to buy, certified to have been the dress cutlass of Blackbeard the Pirate."

He finished his cognac and departed, leaving me with a cheerful farewell and the check.

My job as European representative for the British Carburettor Company has nothing whatever to do with ships in bottles or guitars or even cutlasses, and Monsieur le Duc's industriously tangled web had more or less slipped from my mind when a couple of days later, passing his sidestreet shop one afternoon, I heard yodelling within, and entered to find a guitar lesson in progress. Monsieur le Duc introduced me to Virginia's instructor, a pleasant and lanky young American named Timothy Jones.

It was plain to see that both Timothy Jones and Virginia were very serious about cowboy songs. First Timothy played and sang something about being buried on the lone prairie, while Virginia watched him with all her eyes, and then he taught her how to play it, sitting beside her on a sofa and helping her find the chords.

To do this he had to put his arm around her, and she kept getting the chords wrong so that he had to help her again and again.

"I'm afraid I'm awfully awkward," Virginia said.

"Heck no," Timothy said with some fervour. "You couldn't be awkward if you tried."

"You're terribly kind, really. I mean, to be so patient."

"I don't mind it at all. I like it."

They gazed at each other earnestly, and then he helped her again.

In honour of the occasion Monsieur le Duc was wearing a ten-gallon hat he had found among his vast stock of secondhand junk. It went effectively with his dapper moustache and his elegant if somewhat seedy attire. He eventually let Virginia persuade him to sell it to her for ten thousand francs, a bargain price when he mentioned the fact that it had once belonged to Hopalong Cassidy.

Obviously the guitar lessons were a signal success for all concerned. I left in the midst of another mournful ballad, sung by Timothy with such feeling that it brought tears to Virginia's soft brown eyes and could be heard a hundred yards away down the street. Uneasy little knots of shoppers were gathered in front of the neighbouring shops listening to it.

The next time I saw Monsieur le Duc at his café table on the Croisette I suggested that even my old eyes weakened by poring over hot carburettors could detect something more between Timothy and Virginia than the frets of a guitar.

"As usual," Monsieur le Duc said, "I can only commend your astuteness. It so happens they had met briefly some time before these guitar lessons started, and it was subsequent to their meeting that Virginia developed her interest in American cowboy songs. Unhappily, the admiral drove Timothy from his door because Timothy doesn't know how to sail a yacht, a criminal social error as far as the admiral is concerned."

"But you solved their problem by selling Virginia a guitar."

"With lessons by Timothy. A touching situation, I think."

A situation, I observed, that made it possible for him to sell them broken-down cowboy hats at a fat profit, while their good sense was obscured.

"The point of sole importance," Monsieur le Duc said, his Adam's apple bounding with extravagant sincerity, "is that they are two fine young people and deserving of happiness."

I had to agree that seemed to be true, and I was almost convinced that Monsieur le Duc was as much interested in their welfare as in taking them to the cleaner's. However, I wondered if the admiral would confine himself to mere cutlasses if an elopement should develop.

"As for that," Monsieur le Duc said confidently, "all will be well. Timothy has bought a yacht and is secretly learning to sail it. I understand he used to break wild horses before his family discovered oil on their ranch, and anyone knows that if you can ride a horse you can easily accomplish sailing a boat. At the proper time he will astound the admiral."

I asked Monsieur le Duc whether by any chance he had sold Timothy the boat.

"But of course," Monsieur le Duc said, as if surprised at the question. "Baron Drang was having trouble disposing of his five-metre and I sold it to Timothy."

"The same Baron Drang whose collection of ships in bottles you are buying for the admiral?"

Assuredly. Baron Drang is selling all his racing yachts and everything he owns that reminds him of the sea, having been driven to this by a long-standing feud with the admiral, in which, sadly, the admiral won all the races. It is for this reason that Baron Drang doesn't want the admiral to get possession of his ships in bottles, and for the same reason the admiral is all the more anxious to acquire them. A painful commentary on human nature, but so it is."

And no doubt taking Baron Drang's five-metre off his hands didn't do you any harm in winning his confidence so he'll trust you with buying his ships in bottles?"

"One hopes not."

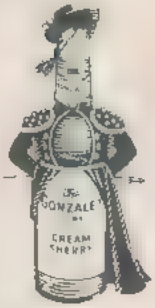
"Which you'll then pass on to the admiral at twice their cost?"

"By no means," Monsieur le Duc said with spirit. "You underestimate the admiral's eagerness. The admiral has the soul of a buccaneer, and to the

If there was one the admiral hated landlubbers, it was in boats. Unfortunately was in love with one

TIO PEPE

Spain's dry sherry



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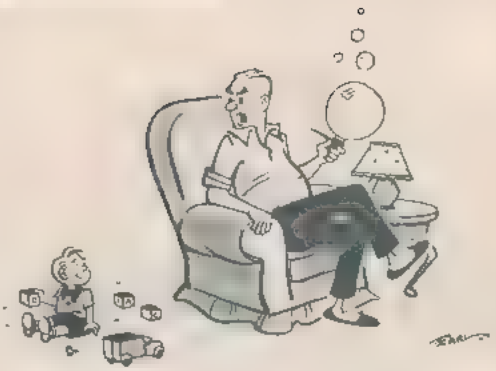

"Have you been using my pipe . . . ?"

The Riviera cowboy

continued from previous page

soul of a buccaneer, nothing is permitted to stand in the way, not even money. I shall get three times what I pay for them, at least."

I supposed he had also worked out a fee for Virginia to be Timothy's sailing teacher, but Monsieur le Duc said that had not been possible, due to Timothy's wish for secrecy while he was learning. However, he said he had sold Timothy an admirable book of instructions.

A couple of days later I was privileged to be a spectator when Timothy took his new boat out in the bay for the first time, to show off what he had learned from intensive study of his book of instructions. Monsieur le Duc advised me to be watching from the Crousette after lunch, saying he would bring the admiral and Virginia along on the excuse of photographing the admiral with his new cutlass against the background of the sea.

He was sure Timothy would sail like the Flying Dutchman, Virginia would swoon with astonished delight and the admiral would bless them both with glad cries. Monsieur le Duc also expected Baron Drang to conclude the sale of his ships in bottles that same evening, and the admiral's anticipated frame of mind would be highly propitious for the profitable transfer of the collection to his waiting arms.

On watch at the appointed time, I saw Timothy in a little white sloop that was bouncing here and there about the harbour like a friendly puppy, bumping into fishing boats. Some fishermen in a launch towed him into the roadstead and cast him off with what may have been friendly gestures.

The sloop got under way and sailed waveringly for a moment, until she heeled, luffed, danced and flapped like an angry pelican, and then broached to and gouged her boom in the water and almost capsized. Timothy, who was clinging to the tiller and trying to thumb through his instruction book at the same time, lost the book overboard at this point, which may have been a good thing.

At any rate the boat recovered, and Timothy put the helm up and hauled in the mainsheet and got under way again just as Monsieur le Duc and Virginia and the admiral, carrying his new cutlass in a handsome scabbard, arrived.

". . . told the fool any fool can reef under way," the admiral was declaiming. "Ever tell you of the time I ran three days and nights before a gale in the North Sea and . . . Hallo! What's Drang doing sailing again?"

"No, no, can't be Drang, chap isn't fat enough. Drang's Seagull, though. Must have sold her, I suppose. Good thing. Perhaps she'll have a gentleman for an owner, this time. Pointing her a bit high, isn't he? Free her a point, my lad, free her!"

"What sort of a fool can the fool be? You've lost way, you fool, you can't come about, you'll be caught in stays! Bella should be expelled from the ocean, by George! Unspeakable."

Virginia said in a troubled voice: "I know it can't be, but it looks almost like Timothy."

"Ha!" the admiral trumpeted jubilantly. "In stays she is!"

The little sloop was now standing still and shivering like a frightened horse. Timothy got unsteadily to his feet and tried to push on the boom of the sail, which is roughly tantamount to dismounting from a frightened horse and going around behind him to push on a hind leg.

"Bella's mad!" the admiral bellowed.

The wind caught the mainsail broad on the boom swung over with a crack, and knocked Timothy into the ocean.

Virginia cried out: "It is Timothy!" and started to run down to the beach. A passing boat hauled Timothy out of the water and made for the port, and Virginia ran back to the street and stopped a taxi and dashed away for the harbour.

"I say!" the admiral said in bewilderment. He looked about and saw that Monsieur le Duc had also disappeared, as silently as an ebbing tide. "Whole world's gone loony!" the admiral snorted. He waved down a taxi with his cutlass and drove off after his daughter.

When I saw Monsieur le Duc several days later, I congratulated him on a job well done, having heard that Timothy and Virginia were to be married in England with the admiral's full consent.

Monsieur le Duc told me, with a somewhat morose air, that he hadn't had anything to do with it. He explained that Baron Drang had happened to be at the harbour when the admiral arrived and found Timothy and Virginia in each other's arms.

"A lively scene developed, in which," Monsieur le Duc said, "the admiral expressed angry opposition to the union of his daughter with a landlubber. This pleased Baron Drang to the point that he took back his boat and gave Timothy his collection of ships in bottles in exchange to embellish the admiral's unhappiness.

"It seemed to me this would have been still more likely to bring the admiral's cutlass into play, rather than his consent to Virginia's marriage.

"I understand he did try to run Baron Drang through," Monsieur le Duc said, "a wan light springing momentarily to his eye, "but, unhappily, the blade came off. As for his consent, he had no choice but to give it in order to get the collection of ships in bottles from Timothy. Little better than blackmail, that sort of thing," Monsieur le Duc added bitterly. "Very disillusioning, the younger generation."

THE END

© *William Brandon, 1958*

Is our next-door neighbour going Fascist?

continued from page 12

parties which he considers opposed to the "principles of national sovereignty and of democracy." Under a similar authority Dr Adenauer has outlawed the Communist Party in Western Germany

De Gaulle is unlikely as yet to use this weapon against the much more formidable French Communist Party—the biggest party in France. But already he has taken steps, by his electoral arrangements, to clip Communist wings

True, there will still be a parliament Elections for the National Assembly under a new electoral law take place next week. But the assembly will meet only twice a year and for only three months at a time

Nobody questions the fact that the President will be able to dominate the Assembly And, it may be asked, why not? Is the threat really so fearsome? Does not the President of the United States possess immense executive powers, sufficient in the last resort to overawe Congress? And does not the British Prime Minister, through his weapon of ordering a dissolution, wield decisive authority over the House of Commons?

However, the comparisons are not exact Both the American President and the British Prime Minister are leaders of great political parties in the state which must periodically, secure the favourable vote of the people

The new French President will be elected for a seven-year term, not by any direct vote of the people but by a complicated system weighting the choice in favour of the more conservative elements in the community

Nobody can prophesy for certain how the new French constitution will develop in practice Formally, the many institutions which help to make a free community—a free press trade unions, political parties, Parliament—will continue to exist

Frenchmen may even be shocked by recent events into displaying a new energy and vigilance in treasuring these safeguards of their freedom. But nobody can doubt the other possibility. De Gaulle—or his successor—will possess the means if he possesses the desire to impose a near-dictatorial régime without straining the letter of the new constitution

In short, it may take months or even years for the full mind of de Gaulle to be unmasked. One verdict cannot be disputed. So great is the power which he has amassed, so vast is his personal reputation, that he could become a dictator if he wished.

And de Gaulle is an old man. Even if he is resolved to exercise his authority with moderation and restraint, what guarantee is there that his successor will possess the same qualities?

Ever since the early thirties there has been, not far below the surface, a Fascist mood among some of the Right-wing parties These forces, as we have seen, helped to organise the revolt of May 13. They are still in being and are likely to gain a considerable number of seats in the French Parliament after the coming elections

De Gaulle's own desire not to make himself a complete prisoner of the Right may put a brake on their activities for a while. But they will be watching for a new opportunity to make France do their bidding.

They still possess positions of strength in the police, the secret service and the army. Maybe they will not have the power to push de Gaulle out of their way, as Hitler pushed aside Hindenburg and as Nasser pushed aside Neguib, de Gaulle's name still inspires too much awe. But if de Gaulle himself vanished from the scene, they would certainly be tempted to make a new assault on the divided forces of democracy. And de Gaulle himself has given no proof that he will root out the dangerous elements he has helped to conjure into being

Almost certainly the outcome will be determined by events, not in France itself, but in Algeria. It is there that both de Gaulle and French democracy face the supreme test

There, for four bitter years, the French have been fighting a full-scale war Casualties among the Arab rebels are said to reach the fantastic total of 600,000.

The war grinds on at a cost of £600 million a year to the French Exchequer. More and more French troops, including 800,000 reservists, have been piled into the struggle Appalling atrocities have been committed on both sides. Elaborate efforts have been made to hide from the French public the truth about the tortures committed in their name, to conceal the dismal failure of all these exertions to shake the firm hold of the Arab rebels on great areas of the country

Bleeding to death

If de Gaulle could make an end of this horror, it would be an achievement without parallel in the records of modern statesmanship. He would have staunched the real wound which is bleeding French democracy to death

But can he do it? Nobody can doubt his desire for peace. Already he has offered to the Algerian Moslems a grandiose programme of economic reform He insists, at least in words, that they shall be able to speak and vote freely in the coming elections. And, most impressive of all, he slaps down hard on the army chiefs who led the May revolt and instructs them to cease meddling with politics. For the moment, at least, the Algerian Committees of Public Safety are disrupted, the rebel colonels are cowed

These are certainly bold measures which have powerfully revived the hopes of those who see him as a real national saviour But, to succeed, he must be bolder still Only by negotiation with the Arab rebels can the war be ended, and that negotiation would at least have to include the possibility that Algeria should gain a form of independence

De Gaulle has made a dramatic appeal to the Algerian leaders to come to Paris, under safe conduct, for the purpose of starting negotiations. This offer—at first refused—clearly showed that de Gaulle wanted to open talks with the rebels. Instead of pursuing the vain effort to club them into submission But there is still no proof that he himself is willing to accept the outcome of Algerian independence.

Rather he has continued to talk obscurely, to permit the men of peace and the men of war to read into his utterances what they wish. A much more decisive break with the past will be needed if the Algerian agony is to be brought to a close

Has de Gaulle the greatness to do it? Will he utterly disown those who brought him to power and adopt the liberal vision of his chief critic, M Pierre Mendès-France?

If de Gaulle worked the miracle, he would gain a name in history comparable with that of Abraham Lincoln He would have performed a splendid service to the cause of government for and by the people

Unfortunately, all the signs still suggest that the engines of history cannot be put in reverse If he fails to make peace in Algeria, the very passions and political forces which he exploited last May will gain a new momentum. And de Gaulle has ensured that, if those passions boil again, the methods of dictatorship which have made a hell of Algeria can be swiftly applied in Paris itself, once the birthplace of European freedom. THE END

ANCESTORS—2

Mules boast much that their ancestors were horses

German proverb

PICTURE GUIDE
by ROGER SMITHELLS

For Speedy Warmth

Quick spot warmth when and where you want it is best supplied by gas, electricity or oil. One of these new heaters may be just what you need to keep winter's cold and draughts at bay.

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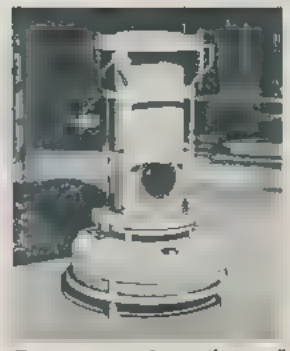
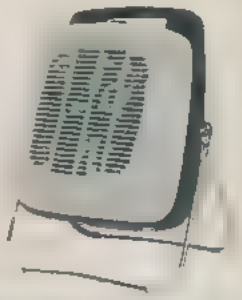
Cosy background warmth comes at the strike of a match from a Paravector gas radiator Running costs average 1d an hour Cost £8 3s. 3d.



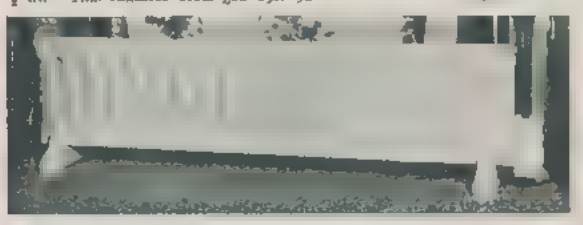
For economy and warmth, an oil heater takes a lot of beating Aladdin's Blue Flame heater in the traditional shape at £7 5s. 9d

This Tallent convector oil heater is good-looking and economical. In gunmetal and beige, it costs £10 18s. 6d. and is easily portable.

This electric fan heater blows out a stream of warm air Useful for drying clothes and hair it can also be used as a fan in summer with the heating element switched off Made by G.E.C. it costs £11 17s 6d.



Warmth at floor level is supplied by the new Hurseal miniature electric oil-filled radiator designed to be placed under low windows. It is available either freestanding or for wall fixing. It is only 11 in. high with a loading of ½ kw This radiator costs £12 19s. 9d.



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2 and 3 a new look for your old favourites Creme Strawberry and Orange Creme

The young devils

continued from page 14

protected by high wire as they went they chanted "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

It took me a good minute to push and pull my way through the mob to two boys who were rolling about on the ground. As I tried to separate them the crowd around stopped shouting and began to roar their disapproval.

Then a whirlwind in the shape of Mr Dixon, the sports master, arrived and the boys dispersed. The two boxers refused his order to shake hands and continued to glower at each other. He gave them a heavy clout and sent them off different ways.

"Rotten sportsmen," he said, disgustedly, before returning into the school.

A few days after my teaching practice ended, the much dreaded final examinations began. When the results appeared only three students had failed to qualify, and we realized the teacher shortage must be very bad indeed.

Then began the search for a job. This I found was a comparatively easy matter, provided I didn't want to work on the south coast or at any inland beauty spot.

Jim obtained a post in a boys' secondary school in the Midlands and I pumped for London.

After an extremely short interview plus a long medical I agreed to accept a [illegible] post. It is not that I could be "directed" to any school in the London area. I was sent to the Blackstone Secondary Modern Boys' School, headmaster Benjamin Crabbe B.Sc.

I arrived there at the beginning of a very cold January—not perhaps the best of times to start at a new place but at least I had the advantage of seeing it in its worst possible light.

The school was tall, turreted and grim, surrounded by a high red brick wall. The entrance, set in this wall, was small and closed by a rusty iron door.

The asphalt desert

I pushed open the door. A blast of cold air hit me in the face, and I saw a bleak expanse of deserted black asphalt that swept down to a railway line beyond the far wall.

To the right an open-fronted shed without seats sheltered a gang of boys. They were grouped around a flaring mass that appeared to be invisibly suspended shoulder high in the air. I learned later that it was an old bicycle tyre that they had thrown over a horizontal iron support and set alight to keep warm.

I met a boy who guided me up and down a labyrinth of dark stairways and along narrow corridors until we came to a door marked [illegible] MASTER.

Looking back on that first meeting, I can now admit to having been completely fooled. There was nothing to warn me of Mr Crabbe's duplicity. Tall, greying and neatly dressed, he sat in a comfortable chair behind a large desk on which there was a sufficient scattering of letters, an assortment of pens and pencils, a telephone and a card-index system to prove he was a busy man.

He waved me into an armchair by his desk, a benign smile on his face. We talked of his school, the staff, "a grand lot," and the pupils, "not so bad really."

That all my work would be with the backward forms didn't really strike me until I had left the room and had examined my timetable; that these forms were also the toughest in the school a cynical staff were quick to inform me. Could Mr Crabbe, I wondered a week later, really have known what these forms were like when he gave them to me? It was difficult to believe that behind his charming manner lay such a cold indifference.

Crime after hours

As the weeks passed it became quite apparent that Mr Crabbe's main duty in the school was dealing with discipline problems and the boys' criminal activities. He was frequently visited by irate parents or by staffs with problem classes or administrative difficulties, the latter usually arising out of his own bad organization.

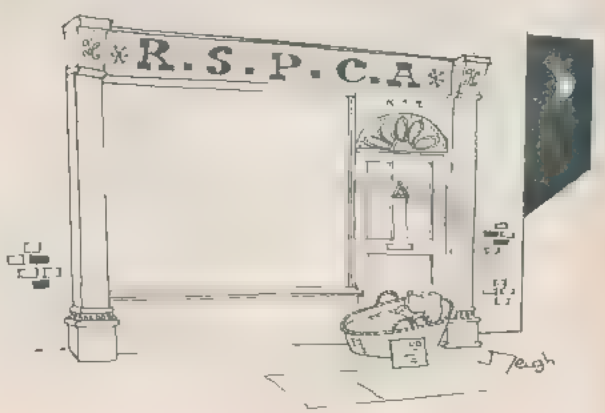
In the first few weeks of my teaching I often asked myself [illegible] authority didn't question why so many staff left each term. Surely they realized the appalling effect that continual staff changes must have on the school work? But it gradually dawned on me that nobody really cared.

One day lunch was enlivened by an outburst of rage from one of my colleagues, Mr. Canning, at some boys (unknown) who had bent the mudguards of his little car, kicked in one of the rear lights and emptied the petrol tank. But his grievance, although sympathized with, was regarded by the headmaster as just another unfortunate incident that nothing could be done about.

While Mr Canning's car was being damaged, some other enterprising boys had been removing the brass handles from three classroom doors. I questioned 3D about these later—as instructed by Mr Crabbe—and Fletcher, a very small, cheeky thirteen-year-old, pointed out: "The boys who took them must have been amateurs. Brass is only fetching elevenpence halfpenny a pound now. Last term you could get ten shillings."

Although these problems might seem enough for a school to cope with in one morning, a fire—luckily discovered by a passing master in the lobby—resulted in the afternoon starting off with a grand search for matches.

"You're not a copper, you can't



NEXT WEEK

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Here is the truth about Brigitte Bardot, the famous French film star who says: "I want to be simple, wild and sexy." See our fascinating picture feature next week

search me" asserted Greenback, a 4B boy. We argued briefly until I insisted that I was going to search him and he could protest afterwards.

I collected five boxes, two book packets, and a number of loose matches from the class. As nothing had been said about the lighters and cigarettes that I found, I just warned them not to bring them again.

At four thirty, after a day spent battling with boys who streamed in and out of classrooms, I pulled on my overcoat and walked wearily out of the school. At the end of the road I stopped aghast. A large, unruly mob of about fifty boys was waiting for me.

Mass reprisal?

I had heard how boys would gang up on a teacher, but I could not imagine how I had aroused such mass antagonism in one day. Perhaps I ought not to have insisted quite so forcibly that Form 4B should not wreck their classroom.

The mob rushed and overwhelmed me. After the first few hectic seconds, in which I lost my hat and my brief-case, I discovered that although I was struggling very hard to escape I was not receiving any actual blows.

Suddenly the face of a fourth-year boy, whose name I had learned that afternoon, grimaced before me.

"Hardstone!" I shouted, clutching his arm. "What's going on?"

He looked at me rather stupidly and was swept from my grasp. Half turning to follow him, I saw the bus. The boys were simply trying to reach it, and I had got in their way. On the platform, the conductor struggled violently to clear a path for a woman and her baby. Inside a number of passengers were nervously waiting to get off.

Not until the driver had descended from his cab and a policeman had thrust his bulk through the swarm of boys was some sort of order restored. Retrieving my battered hat and case, I leaned against the railings. An elderly teacher from the school came up to me.

"It's a battle isn't it?" he remarked. "You should walk up the road and get the bus at the next stop," he advised.

"But doesn't the headmaster do anything about this?" I queried in astonishment.

He gave me a tolerant smile and said: "He always goes the other way!"

Dinnertime duty

It was my first school dinner duty, and I went down to the bottom hall. As I arrived there I heard the distant but violent ringing of a bell. The school was officially out.

"Coo-oo-oo, you ain't 'arf early, ducks, ain't you?" screamed a thin bird-like little woman wearing a white overall and a green duster round her head. She was half-hidden behind a range of what appeared to be four dustbins set out on a trestle table.

She sniffed, and as she did so three enormous women dressed in similar white overalls, but with varying colours of head-dusters, squeezed through a small door on the right and advanced on the dustbins.

The hall was long and high and had a dirty ceiling. Two parallel rows of trestle tables with chairs arranged down the middle.

A little boy appeared from nowhere and began counting knives, forks and spoons on to three metal trays on a side table. After a few clattering seconds he came up to me with a handful of spoons which were bent and twisted in the middle.

"They're at it again, sir. You'll have to watch 'em," he warned.

"When were these damaged like this?" I questioned.

"It's one of their crazes, the little devils," yelled the little woman who was cutting up jam tart on a tray. "Last month they bent all the fork prongs."

In the playground a seething mass of boys struggled to be first at the entrance door. As the front of the queue started moving past the servers, the noise was deafening. Above it all the voices of the four women kept up their monotonous questioning.

"Brar-ra stew, ducks?" called the first woman, ladling vigorously.

"Spuds? Carrots?" shouted the second, her arms dipping into the bins.

"Gravy, luv?" carolled the third.

And at the end the thin little woman looked up with a jerky movement of her head and screamed: "Jam tart?"

The tables filled up, and although the food disappeared off the plates at a terrific speed, I found it difficult to understand how the boys found time to chew and swallow it. They talked, shouted and waved their arms about as if they had only a few seconds to live.

Suddenly there was an awful crash. A table occupied by eight senior boys had collapsed and sent their plates and cutlery flying on to the floor.

"How did this happen?" I asked.

They grinned at each other and didn't seem a bit concerned about the mess they'd caused and they certainly made no attempt to clear it up.

"He was the one who did it!" screamed the little woman, pointing at a dark-haired boy. "He's been fiddlin with that table leg all the time!"

"Wait outside," I ordered him. I told the others, "Tidy up this mess."

Eventually there were only one or two slow eaters or avid talkers left. These hurried out when I suggested they might like to stay behind and help clear up.

"Don't forget your dinner, it's in the oven," shouted the little woman.

I nodded, but didn't feel much like eating, and I still had the boy who had collapsed the table to deal with.

At that moment the swing doors behind the woman were pushed violently open, and in walked a man who looked as if he had stepped straight out of a slapstick scene in a silent film. His cap and shoulders were covered with bits of food.

"Where's the headmaster?" he stormed.

"Well, I'm on duty. Can I help you?" I asked.

"Those boys! I came here to collect the swill and when I went round to the back of my van two of them were on the tail-board. I tried to get them off and one of them tipped a bucket over me."

As he spoke he dripped and dribbled food on to the floor. I persuaded him to come along to the washroom and clean up. When he'd finished and had calmed down a bit, I finally smoothed things by offering him a spare lunch.

It was mine—but what with one thing and another I didn't really fancy it.

The boys were sent home early so that a staff meeting could be held.

We gathered in an empty classroom. Mr. Crabbe, gowned and preoccupied, walked in and across to the tall desk normally used by the class teacher. He carried a number of books and odd pieces of paper which he put on the desk. Then he took out his watch. This he kept in his top pocket attached to enough chain to make it seem he was pulling it up from below his knees.

"Ah, gentlemen!" he said, as if seeing us for the first time. "There are a number of matters I want to deal with and I think it would be best to get the worst over first." He smiled gently.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to stop caning the boys."

We stiffened and stared.

"I've had complaints from parents about marks left by the cane, and it's . . ."—he searched for a word—"upsetting. Doctors are very quick to give certificates for that sort of thing."

"How are we going to keep Slatterly and his sort in order?" questioned Mr. Hardwood. Slatterly was a particularly tough fifteen-year-old who was quite prepared to fight a teacher who showed weakness.

Mr. Crabbe began to get angry. "I don't care what you say. I've decided to stop it!" he ruled. "Parents begin to talk about the school. In future I want you to send any offender who you think needs punishing to me."

There was a general shaking of heads.

Bad medicine

"I also want to discuss the distribution of cod-liver oil capsules," he hurried on. "The caretaker tells me the boys are using them in their pea-shooters and the ink monitors complain that the inkwells are becoming choked up with them."

"Can we force the boys to take them?" asked Mr. Canning.

"No, I don't think you can do that, but they should have them if the doctor has ordered them," said Mr. Crabbe. "Now there's the question of desks. The boys are breaking one a day, and it's got to stop."

"I sent Truscott to you after I had caught him cutting one with his knife and you only warned him," said Mr. Penny.

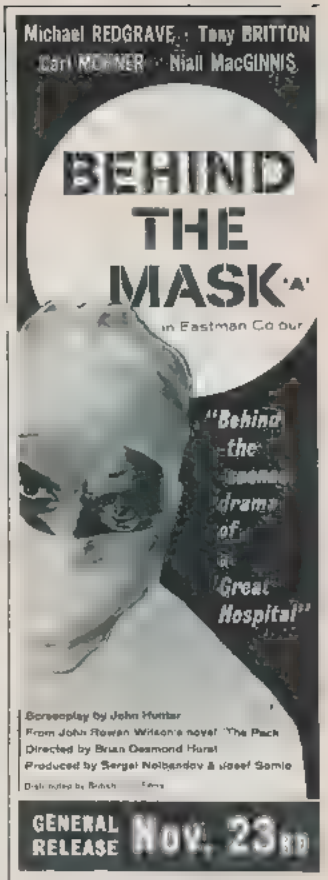
Mr. Crabbe stared stonily at him. "I'll warn them about that, too, in tomorrow's assembly." He slipped his watch on to the chain, which he then poured back into his pocket. As he

ANCESTORS—3

Good families are generally worse than any others.

Anthony Hope

"The Young Devils," by John Townsend, will be published as a book by Chatto and Windus on November 24, price 15s



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KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house.

Handyman Guide 10

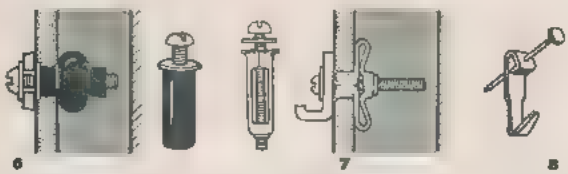
WALL FIXINGS

1 2

1. For most fixing jobs, the fibre plug is most suitable. In solid brick, stone or cement, it provides an extremely strong fixing, and needs only a small hole drilled in the wall. 2. Where the hole has become enlarged, or the brickwork has cracked, use asbestos filling compound. A tool is sold with the compound for pressing it well into the hole, and piercing a start for the screw

3 4 5

3. Rocco all-metal wall plugs resemble fibre plugs, but obviate the necessity to centre the screw on to the plug, as both are inserted as one unit. 4. Where a hole drilled for a fibre plug or filling compound breaks through into a cavity, use Philplug U clips. They prevent the compound from being pushed through the hole. 5. Ideal for lath and plaster walls is the spring toggle. A spring opens the "wings" inside the wall, and they provide a large bearing surface.

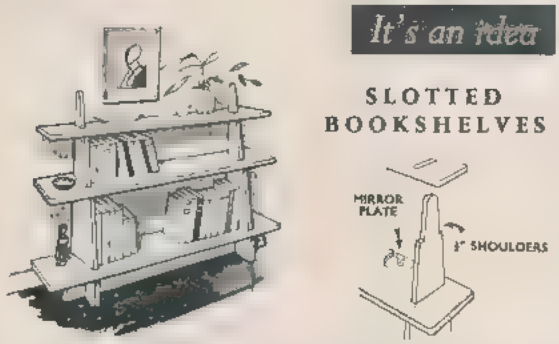


6 7 8

6. The bolt with rubber sleeve is an adaptable method of fixing to partition walls, wall boards, plaster boards, etc. It is sound-resistant, vibration- and water-proof. 7. Rawlanchors are another type of fixing for artificial boards, cavity walls, etc. The action of screwing in the bolt bends the arms of the Rawlanchor behind the wall, which hold the nut permanently in position. 8. For pictures, mirrors and other light fixtures use an X hook. Held by either one or two steel pins, they are strong and neat

It's an idea

SLOTTED BOOKSHELVES



An ingenious system of erecting bookshelves without glue or screws is this week's guinea-winning idea from Mr. G. W. Burt, of Standerton, Hemingbrough, Selby, Yorks. The slotted shelves fit over the tapered uprights and are supported on ¼-in shoulders. A cross brace at the bottom and mirror plates on one of the upper shelves give rigidity. Many variations are possible.

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. A prize of one guinea will be paid for each idea published.

The young devils

continued from previous page

finished, the door opened and Mr Broome, the school's caretaker, hobbled into the room.

'Did you leave the door of your office open when you came out?' he quavered at Mr Crabbe.

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, it's open now, and they've wrecked the place!"

In the bottom drawer of my desk I have accumulated an untidy heap of papers that constitutes six months of "excuse notes" brought by the boys of Form 3F for lateness, absenteeism and requests to leave school early to have their hair cut, buy shoes or trousers, or collect the bagwash.

These notes have been written on cheese paper, cardboard sugar tops, torn envelopes, lavatory paper, backs of personal letters, and insides of cigarette cartons and an assortment of cheap notepapers; and most are badly written and full of spelling mistakes.

Johnny was sick

Excuse notes seldom arrive in envelopes and their contents range from terse, one-line explanations such as *Johnny was sick*, to awkwardly phrased letters that one takes out and reads over again when the day has been particularly trying. *Dear Sir, I'm carrying and expecting delivery of a tuna pram so I kept Johnny at home to help me (signed) Mrs. Brown.*

When I took over 3F, lateness was the rule rather than the exception. This Mr Crabbe had explained, was due to the boys never having a master who would stay. They were a large, difficult class with a well-earned reputation for toughness.

I nodded and promised I would try to remedy the situation, though I couldn't help thinking at the time that a form like this should surely have been given to a more experienced master than myself.

Later, I found that this practice of giving the difficult classes to the new teachers irrespective of their age or experience was pretty general in most schools. The older and more experienced masters would quickly drop the hint that they would look for another job if their headmaster inflicted an awkward class on them.

By the end of the first week I had discovered that the majority of the boys' parents were quite willing to write notes supporting the reasons that their sons gave for being late.

It was Gimble, a persistent latecomer and absentee, who eventually gave me part of the answer to this problem.

He had been away on Thursday afternoon, and I had accidentally overheard two of his friends saying he had gone to the pictures. Next morning he arrived with a note which he casually tossed on to my desk as he passed. I marked the register and then called him out.

The whistle stop

"Why were you absent yesterday?' I asked, leaving the note unread.

"Sick, sir," he said, cheerfully.

"You were all right in the morning. When did you start feeling ill?"

"Just before the whistle blew," he answered.

I saw there were quite a few disbelieving grins sprinkled about the class.

'That was a very convenient time to feel sick, wasn't it?' I said.

"Dunno," he answered, avoiding my eyes.

'Well, let's have a look at your note.'

It was a grubby piece of paper that had been folded almost to the size of a postage stamp. I silently scanned its contents, which confirmed his story.

Then, assuming an expression of growing amazement on my face, I read aloud:

Dear Sir, I'm sorry Peter wasn't at school yesterday afternoon, but he went to the pictures. He's not a bad boy really but sometimes he takes the day off. I would be very obliged if you would speak to him about it. (signed) Mrs. Gimble

A horrified look spread over Gimble's face. The class roared with laughter.

'ere, I didn't tell her to write that!" he exclaimed, trying to see the note.

"Well your mother obviously thinks it's best to tell the truth sometimes," I replied.

"I was sick," he repeated, not quite so convincingly.

"Do you think he was?" I appealed to the class.

"No!" they shouted.

"Now, what about it, Gimble—did you go to the pictures?" I demanded sternly.

He stood shuffling his feet, but lacking the support of the class he finally muttered defiantly. "Yes I did."

'You'll lose all your playtimes next week," I said.

After this incident I found that the class regarded it as quite a game to cooperate with me in deciding whether excuse notes were genuine or not. Even Dumper, a boy who could manufacture more reasons why he shouldn't be at school than anyone I have ever met, fell prey to the class's judgment. And as the weeks passed, slowly the late arrivals grew less and the absentees fewer.

"I don't think this report by the medical council on smoking will affect many people," exclaimed a teacher friend cynically, as he sat beside me in the train on the way home one evening.

A few days later I asked the class how many of them smoked. Thirty-one hands went up in unabashed confession.

'Barnum seems to be the only sensible boy here," I remarked.

'He's got asthma and smokes weeds!' shouted Doe.

The class laughed triumphantly but good naturedly at my defeat.

Chorus of denial

'How many of you are going to stop smoking after this report on cancer?' I asked.

A chorus of voices denied any possibility of stopping smoking. Garfield, a ginger-haired boy who could never ask or answer a question sitting down, came out to my desk. 'I smoke forty a week. That ain't bad, is it sir?' he demanded.

"Where do you get the money to buy them?" I replied.

My mother gives me ninepence a day to do what I like with,' he explained.

But I don't expect she intends you to buy cigarettes with it.'

Garfield laughed. 'She gives me one every morning," he answered.

Who else is given cigarettes by their parents?" I asked the class. About twenty put up their hands. 'Are you going to stop smoking now?" I questioned Garfield.

'Might cut down a little,' he said.

"What about you, Green?" I spoke to a small boy with very close-cropped hair and a wide smile.

"They're cheaper than sweets," he answered. "If you've only got tuppence you can buy one cigarette; sweets cost more."

'You mean shops sell you cigarettes singly?' I asked.

He nodded.

'Do any of you feel a bit frightened that you might catch this thing if you go on smoking?" I questioned. They looked at themselves, and from their expressions I could plainly see they did not.

"What about the hydrogen bomb?" said a boy.

At morning assembly at Blackstone the sunshine used to stream through the high windows at the back of the hall and crown each boy's head with golden light as he punched, yelled or chatted to his neighbour.

Mr Phipps, the music master, a large burly man with a florid nose, tucked his violin under his heavy chin and practised a few notes of the day's hymn.

Mr Crabbe walked into the hall wearing an expression on his face like a soldier shell-shocked into paradise. He

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BLOCK LETTERS BELOW

NAME _____

Full Postal ADDRESS _____

J.B./22.11.58

Firstly affix 2d. stamp in margin

The young devils

continued from page 38

always wore his gown, and the boys had nicknamed him "The Bat."

He raised his right hand solemnly in the air and the boys scrambled to their feet. Then he nodded at Mr. Phipps who jerked into a squeaky rendering of the first bar of the hymn.

When he began to play the second time, with a violent nod to the boys to join in, it was discovered that Mr. Crabbe had forgotten to announce the number of the hymn.

Mr. Crabbe's voice always reminded me of long waves rolling up and down a pebbly beach on a warm summer's day. It had the same effect. He was a moralizer, and if some slight incident occurred in the school—say, two boys fighting with broken bottles—he would use it as an excuse for launching into a sonorous sermon on behaviour.

For me, mornings at Blackstone always began with the question: "I wonder what's going to happen today?"

My first introduction to 3B—a form that had nailed more teachers' scalps to the blackboard than there were canes in the school—was when the headmaster had walked in to the staffroom at the beginning of the spring term to say:

"Oh, Mr. Townsend. I've given you Form 3B. I'll let you have a list of those who have been in the courts later."

He spoke with the serious air of a man who had long since forgotten to distinguish between the credible and the incredible.

I felt rather like a young lion-tamer venturing into a cage for my first performance but instead of a whip and a chair I had only a hazy knowledge of psychology and an outline of what constituted a planned lesson.

Looking back, I suppose a fair appraisal of my relationship with 3B would be to say that once they'd got me where they wanted me we settled down to a happy but definitely not uneventful year together. The highlight was the occasion of the Christmas play.

This began when a note was brought into the class one morning by two senior boys—it always required two boys to do the smallest thing at Blackstone—which said that the headmaster would be very pleased if each class could put on a play at Christmas. The choice of play was ours.

We chose a short play about a racing driver who, desperately needing money had agreed to drive a get-away car for some crooks. It included two fights, a smash-and-grab, a car crash, lots of sound effects and "not too much rotten reading" as 3B expressed it. One of the sound effects was an occasional honking on a motor-horn which they promised to find.

A week before the play was due to go on two boys turned up with no less than six motor horns which, as one of them explained, his father had bought for scrap.

Opening night found an excited gathering of 3B's dramatic talent in a classroom off the main hall. Inside the hall, a scattering of parents supplemented by rowdy friends of the actors and a few interested pupils clapped the curtains up on Mr. Phipps's choir.

The police arrive

Our play had only just begun when all the lights in the body of the hall were suddenly switched on, and a policeman and a taxi driver—neither of whom was in the play—walked down the centre gangway.

Mr. Crabbe met them and after a short conversation with the policeman punctuated by much booing from the boys in the audience, he called me from the wings.

"Are you using any motor horns in this play?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Would you mind if we had a look at them, sir?" said the policeman.

I sent Dicker to fetch them. When he returned the taxi driver took one look at the horns and exclaimed: "They're the ones!"

"Six taxis at a rank in the High Street had their horns stolen last week," said the policeman, eyeing me sternly.

© *John Townsend, 1958*

NEXT WEEK: *I run into trouble with my new girl pupils—and a boy threatens to beat me up*

Is this cruelty—or progress?

continued from page 19

discovered by a long process of trial and error. Before Paludrine, the non-toxic anti-malarial drug, was discovered, 1,400 new compounds had to be synthesized and tested.

If small rodents make up the bulk of the experiments, the larger animals have nevertheless important functions. Young calves and sheep, infected with cowpox via scratches on their shaved bellies, produce the 'calf lymph' required for smallpox vaccination.

Anti-diphtheria and anti-tetanus sera are provided with the aid of horses. An animal is injected in progressively increasing doses with the toxins of these diseases so that its blood develops more and more anti-bodies to resist the attack. The horse's blood, drawn from a vein in its neck, is then processed to make the sera for human beings.

The polio monkey

For the last few years large numbers of monkeys, caught in the jungles of India, have been passing through London Airport. In a year Britain imports 18,000, the United States 240,000. The monkey is the only convenient animal susceptible to polio myelitis.

On reaching their destination, most of the monkeys are anaesthetized and their kidneys removed by a surgeon—after which they are killed with an overdose of ether. The monkey kidney cells supply the culture-medium for growing the polio virus, which is later diluted and killed with formaldehyde to form the anti-polio vaccine. The other monkeys are required to test each batch of new vaccine.

Cats have been in great demand in the development of the "tranquilizer" drugs which are today bringing new hope for many once considered incurably insane. They have a relatively organized brain and steady temper and are well suited to this line of experimentation.

Many aspects of the working of the brain and the way in which drugs act upon it are still obscure. Here, work with cats, it is claimed, is opening up new frontiers of knowledge.

Under anaesthetic, small openings are made in a cat's skull. Then tiny metal electrodes are connected to very fine wires implanted in the brain. The skull is then re-covered, leaving the wires protruding so that they can be connected when required to an electro-encephalograph and the effect of various drugs and stimuli charted.

Ever since William Harvey established his theory of the circulation of the blood with the aid of experiments on dogs, the dog—whose circulatory system resembles man's—has been a testing ground for new ideas and techniques in this department of medicine.

The famous "blue baby" operation for congenital heart defect was worked out and proved on experimental dogs. With dogs, too, was first established the possibility, then the practicability, of the much-publicised artificial heart machine.

Thirty dogs had their hearts stopped

"We did the best we could until you arrived"

for one hour while an experimental machine pumped blood around their bodies. Three months later, twenty-five of the dogs were killed for post-mortem examinations. When no abnormalities came to light the way was clear for the first use of the heart machine on a human patient.

To some this appears a gross betrayal of the trust reposed in us by "the Friend of Man." Up and down the country, men and women have felt strongly enough to form "rescue squads" to save cats and dogs from being bought up for research purposes.

But the scientist using animals in Britain is far from able to proceed as he likes. All experiments on "living vertebrate animals" are subject to an elaborate code of regulations and are under the supervision of a Home Office inspectorate. The place where the experiments are conducted must be registered. The person conducting them must submit an application for a licence, endorsed by a professor of a medical faculty and the president of one of the learned societies.

Just how much suffering is involved in such experiments?

Two royal commissions, one in 1875, the other in 1906, examined the subject with considerable thoroughness and the present system is largely based on their findings. No operation "more severe than simple inoculation or superficial venesection" is allowed without anaesthetic.

It is true that the animal may, if necessary, be allowed to recover from the anaesthetic for a post-operative observation period. But for this another certificate has to be obtained —and thus we know that in 1957 the number of cats and dogs restored to consciousness during experiments was slightly more than two thousand.

In these conditions a "pain clause" is attached by the regulations. This states that if a laboratory animal "is found to be suffering severe pain which is likely to endure, such animal shall forthwith be painlessly killed."

How much pain?

The *words* are precise. But what do they amount to? Can pain be so nicely measured—in a human being who can speak, let alone an animal which can't?

"And just what," demands Wilfred Risdon, secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, "is *severe* pain? *How long* may it endure? Five seconds? Five minutes? Five hours? A day? I ask you: what scientist in the midst of an engrossing experiment from which he hopes for important results is going to stop and say: 'Well now, the pain is severe. I must stop'?"

Risdon's and the other anti-vivisection societies demand the total abolition of all experiments on living animals. Not only do they consider them cruel, they also largely deny their value. Risdon says: "Let the doctors experiment on human volunteers. Then they'd have to be a lot more careful—and the results would be so much more accurate."

It is undeniable that findings drawn from experiments on animals *can* be—and have been—highly misleading. Obviously, it is a long long step from the brain of a cat to the brain—and mind—of a man. Sooner or later a human guinea-pig must come into the picture, modifying, even possibly negativing, the results.

Yet knowledge is cumulative: a clue gained from an animal may complete a picture. The freezing to "death" and thawing back to life of golden hamsters in a medical research laboratory may seem about as remote from application to human life as is possible. Yet two years ago, all Britain heard with wonder the story of Mrs. Ellen Moore, of Newcastle, an expectant mother who had suffered severe brain injuries in an accident and who was kept in a state of "frozen sleep" for a week while surgeons worked to save her life.

The technique of hypothermia—lowering the body's temperature in order to lessen its oxygen requirements —is now helping the surgeon to work inside the human heart or brain.

Such bold advances into unknown territory could hardly be made unless animals had charted the way.

Sir Henry Dale, Nobel Prize winner and former chief of the National Institute for Medical Research, says: "It must today become very difficult to accept any effective service from medicine without accepting, at every turn, the application of knowledge derived from experiments that involve animals."

It is also true that more systematic care is taken in Britain to ensure decent treatment for laboratory animals than in any other country. An immensely detailed handbook is published by the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare, with chapters by specialists on each animal involved. In 1950 an Association of Animal Technicians was formed to give regular training in the care of laboratory animals.

"I wouldn't be interested in recruiting a girl as an animal technician," says Dr. Lane-Petter, "if she didn't love animals. You see, the animals just wouldn't settle down. . . ."

Lane-Petter—for three years a Home Office inspector—claims: "The very painful experiments just don't get done in this country."

Yet, though it may be very much less than either the statistics or mere description may suggest to the layman, the fact of suffering in animal experiments cannot be evaded. Whether the mouse whose eyes are scratched to test an antiseptic suffers more than the dog whose kidney is experimentally grafted elsewhere in its body is an academic speculation.

Are these necessary or "lesser" evils to be tolerated in order to conquer a greater evil?

Last year 209,000 experiments were carried out on animals in cancer investigations. From them, one day, may come the clue that leads to the secret of inhibiting the growth of cancer cells. Should they be abandoned?

Lord Dowding and those who feel like him are in little doubt as to the answer. "It is basically immoral," Lord Dowding told the House of Lords, "to do evil that good may come."

Here, indeed, is one of our oldest moral dilemmas. Every man or woman must answer for himself or herself—according to conscience and philosophy. But those who would rule out animal experiment must do so with eyes open to the pain and suffering in the world, the animal world as well as the human.

They must do so, for instance, against the background of pain involved in normal farm practice in raising animals for food, against the gassing of rabbits, the poisoning of rats, neglected dogs.

"To volunteer is surely the essence of this contract," wrote the novelist, the late Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, of the dogs in the Russian sputniks.

More every year

Yet animals, too, benefit from medical discovery. One-third of the dogs used in experiments in Britain are used for research into dogs' diseases and for providing anti-distemper serum.

But this concern over the years in Britain for animals in laboratory cages is something that does credit to the humaneness of the nation. And today, certainly, with animal experiments increasing at a rapid rate—by more than eight per cent a year since the war—an effective system of control is more than ever necessary.

It is hard to feel confident that we have this at present. When the present system was instituted in the late seventies, there were three hundred experiments a year—and three inspectors. Today there are three million experiments, nearly six thousand people hold licences—and five inspectors.

But though nothing is heard of it, it is hard to believe that carelessness never takes place. In the eighty years of the system's operation only one prosecution for maltreatment of laboratory animals has been brought by the R.S.P.C.A. —and that was not because of their treatment during experiments. The court imposed a fine.

There is a much more fundamental defect than the inadequacy of the inspectors' numbers. "It is incomprehensible," says Walter Wooldridge, Scientific Director of the Animal Health Trust, "that the inspectors for this work are entirely drawn from the medical profession."

With the solitary exception of a veterinary authority recently added, this medical monopoly extends also to the Home Office Advisory Committee, to which details of proposed borderline experiments are submitted for a ruling.

Thus the whole business all too easily takes on the air of a closed professional conspiracy. The laboratory doors are shut and forbiddingly labelled NO ADMITTANCE and all that leaks out are two pages of bare statistics once a year.

Control of this sort cannot carry much assurance, however good in fact it might be. Not only should there be an enlarged inspectorate, including veterinary surgeons, but their reports should be open to a standing panel of laymen, experienced public men from a variety of occupations, who might then report to the public at large. THE END

ANCESTORS—4

I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.

Abraham Lincoln

MEMORY UNLIMITED

I jumped into the first railway compartment which seemed empty: my eyes fell on a book left on the seat opposite by a previous passenger.

I took it up absent-mindedly and ran through the first lines. Five minutes later I was reading it as eagerly as a clue to a hidden treasure. I learned that everyone's memory is capable of fantastic feats; that an ordinary person if he has taught himself to control the way in which his brain stores impressions can memorize accurately long and complicated lists of facts after reading them over only once or twice. I thought I would test the truth of the statement.

I took a timetable out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of about one hundred railway stations. I observed that, after reading them over a few times, I could recite the whole list off with hardly a mistake. With a little more practice I found I had committed them so completely to memory that I could remember them in the reverse order and even pick out one station from the list and say which number it was, and what were the names of the towns before and after it.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of my journey on more and more difficult experiments in memory, and reflecting how this new control I was achieving over my mind would materially help me to a greater success in life. After this, I worked hard at this wonderful memory system, and within a week I found I could recall passages from books and quote them with ease; names, addresses and business appointments were remembered immediately; and in four months I had succeeded in learning Spanish.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author, and I promised him to propagate his method, and today I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire what is, after all, the most valuable asset towards success in life.

Borg's address is: M. S. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road (Rathcar), Dublin, Ireland. Apply to him for his little book, "The Eternal Laws of Success." It is free to all who wish to develop their memory. F. ROBERTS.

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

MY mother and father celebrate their golden wedding in December. Is it possible to have a telegram of congratulation sent to them by the Queen? How can one arrange this?—C. G., Arbroath.

● The Queen no longer sends congratulatory telegrams to people celebrating their golden weddings.

MISSING WITNESS

ONE of the witnesses to my will has died. Do I have to make a fresh will?—M. L., Maidenhead.

● The death of one or of both the witnesses to your will would not affect its validity. There is no need to make a fresh one.

WINDOWS AT BAY

THE front of my house, which has square bay windows, is fitted with leaded light windows, panes roughly six inches by eight inches. High winds blow rain through cracks in them. Is there any remedy apart from resetting the whole lot?—H. M. H., Wendover, Bucks.

● The only remedy is to have the windows reglazed. Removing the leaded cams and glazing the windows to the timber frames would be cheaper than resetting the glass in new lead cams.

Patching up would probably not prove durable.

ALBERT AND THE LION?

MY aunt, who is eighty-three, is anxious to have a copy of the monologue entitled "Albert And The Lion." I have heard it many times, but have not been able to obtain a copy for her. Can you help?—K. W., Erdington.

● *The Lion And Albert* (the correct title) is published by Francis Day & Hunter, 138 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. It costs 2s. plus 3d. postage.

WHEN HE GOES BROKE

IF a shopkeeper goes bankrupt, what is his position regarding fixtures, fittings and stock, as well as house furniture in his name?—J. S., Dudley.

● If the person is adjudicated bankrupt, the official receiver will take all his assets including the fixtures and fittings of the shop, the stock and his household furniture.

If his wife (or any other person) can prove ownership of any of the furniture, it would not be taken.

HARK TO THE HERALD

I HAVE heard of the school of heraldry and I wonder if this institution would be able to help me trace my family's coat of arms?—Mrs. A. N., Morecambe, Lancs.

● There is no school of heraldry; you are probably thinking of the College of Arms or Heralds' College, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. There is an Officer of Arms who deals with inquiries by the public.

TRIPLE BLACKOUT

RECENTLY I bought a new light fitting which uses three electric bulbs. They point upwards at an angle. Now I find that bulbs last for only a few days. The shopkeeper tells me the bulbs have a short life because they don't hang down. Is this true? —W. E. A., Cambridge.

● The cause of your trouble is most likely that either your voltage is overloaded or that there is too much overhead vibration.

Ask your Electricity Board to check the voltage. Vibration could be caused by noisy rooms, the answer to which is proper insulation.

WATER TOO HOT

RECENTLY I had a new boiler installed behind the fireplace in my living-room. Now I find that unless the fire burns very slowly the water gets so hot that sometimes it reaches boiling point. The drainage pipe becomes unbearably hot. My old boiler worked perfectly.—I. M. G., Wembley, Middx.

● It sounds as though the water is not circulating properly. Have you checked the ball valve in your cold storage cistern and the various stopcocks?

If you cannot find anything obviously wrong, ask the plumber who put in the boiler to check the system.

FLAT ON THE LEVEL?

DURING a search for an unfurnished flat, I approached an agency which asked me to pay ten per cent of the first year's rent or five per cent of the cost of fixtures and fittings plus thirty pounds, whichever was the greater sum. I have always understood that the landlord pays the percentage to agents. Am I right?—Miss V. H., London, N.W.1.

● If you asked the estate agent to find an unfurnished flat not already on his books, he could charge commission.

It would be unusual for him to charge if he already had one listed, as the landlord would pay his commission.

If you consider that the agent's demand was irregular, you could report the matter to the secretary of the Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents Institute, 29 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

ROAD TO RHODESIA

WHERE should I apply for particulars for emigrating to Rhodesia? —P. K., Birmingham.

● The Secretary, Immigration Department, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2, will give you information about settlement in Rhodesia.

THAT FINE PRINT

IS it an infringement of copyright for an author to agree to have his work published in a magazine and at the same time to accept a similar offer from a broadcasting organization?—E. A. H., London, S.W.9.

● If you were to sell your copyright unconditionally to a publisher, you would infringe his rights were you to have your work broadcast.

However, you could sell your copyright to him for literary publication only, and reserve to yourself film and broadcasting rights.

It is usually advisable to have any contracts drafted by a literary agent experienced in copyright.

PARENTHOOD PAY

A FRIEND would very much like to take a foster child into her home, but she is not too well off financially. What allowance is made to foster parents for food and clothing? — Mrs. M. E. H., Norwich.

● Your friend should apply for further information to the children's officer at her county or county borough council.

There is no standard rate of allowance for a foster child, but the payments made by the local authority to a foster mother are sufficient to cover the cost of the child's maintenance.

In most areas more foster homes are certainly needed and every offer is carefully followed up.

PLAN FOR LIVING

WHEN the plans for a house or bungalow are forwarded to the local council, on what grounds can the planning committee refuse permission to build?—Mrs. A. H., Cassell, Yorkshire.

● Plans for a bungalow or house may be refused on a large number of grounds.

They include by-law conditions on building lines, daylighting, rear space, building materials, internal design, sanitary facilities, etc., and planning conditions, such as density of proposed site development, appearance, zoning of the area for industry, commerce, shops, open space or general redevelopment.

It is always wise for an applicant in doubt to discuss his proposals informally with a representative of the council beforehand.

An applicant may always appeal to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government against the decision.

SHORT-TERM CASH

ALTHOUGH the tenth issue of National Savings certificates is stated to earn almost 4½ per cent, no information is given as to what system is employed for paying interest on periods shorter than seven years. Could you clarify this?—E. C., Hatfield.

● To each 15s. certificate 4d. is added for interest at the end of one year. For the second year, 1d. is added every three months, then 1½d. every three months in the third year, 2d. every three months in the fourth and fifth years and 3d. every three months in the sixth and seventh years. There is also a bonus of 6d. at the end of the seventh year.

JACKDAW LODGER

THERE is a jackdaw, unable to fly, in our garden. Someone seems to have clipped its wings. I wonder if you could tell me if they'll grow again —and, in the meantime, what should we feed it on?—G. L., Broadstone, Dorset.

● A veterinary surgeon says that the wings will grow again after the autumn moulting.

Jackdaws like insects, worms, slugs, hens' eggs, shrimps, corn, fruit and shelled walnuts.

You should try to give it seventy-five per cent animal food and twenty-five per cent vegetable.

HELP FOR A FRIEND

A FRIEND who gave shelter to her sister and nephew wants to sell her house and buy a smaller one for her retirement. Her sister died last year, leaving my friend to look after the nephew, who is partially paralysed. He is not capable of looking after himself. How can my friend ensure that he gets care and attention?—Mrs. H. M., Liverpool.

● The local health authority, your city council, judges the priority of cases like this and gets names placed on the waiting lists for admission to hospitals.

Your friend should write to the local medical officer of health. If he cannot help, she can take it up with the Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W.1.

DOG'S EARS

MY dog frequently rubs its head along the ground and worries its ears. Is there anything I can do to treat him myself?—J. S., Surbiton.

● A dog's ears should be inspected regularly to see that there is no great accumulation of wax or dirt.

Cotton-wool twisted on to the end of a matchstick or orange-stick is quite satisfactory for cleaning out the ear, but great care must be taken.

If that fails to give relief and to stop the scratching, the dog should be examined by an expert.

Streamline your fireplace

WE have an ugly tiled fireplace in the bedroom. Because we rent the house, we cannot take it out, but would like to cover it. We never use the fireplace, but heat the bedroom with an electric radiator. —Mrs. P. McH., Edgbaston.

● Make a wood surround for your existing fireplace, deep enough to project beyond the tiles.

This can be fixed to the wall with mirror plates and a couple of fibre plugs.

Fill the space inside the wood surround with a sheet of Asbestolux or fireproofed hardboard, in which a small electric panel fire can be mounted.

This will mask your fireplace completely without doing any structural damage.

HERE'S FUN with WORDS and . . .

£500 CASH 1st PRIZE PLUS

£20 GIANT CRACKER ARRIVING DEC. 24

WIN a *double* prize thrill for fun and the odd sixpence! A Bullet entered on your coupon below can bring you £500 cash *plus* £20 "Golden Cracker" to pull at Christmas. There are other cheques galore—*all* plus thrilling "Golden Crackers." Then, as a *super extra*, there's that £75 TV installation—your coupon tells you how to make it *yours* for Christmas!

2nd PRIZE **£25 plus £10 CRACKER**

3rd PRIZE **£10 plus £5 CRACKER**

£9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £3

ALL PLUS £2 10s. CRACKER

100 "CHRISTMAS SPECIALS" value 13s.6d.

1,500 PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP

AND

£75 TV FOR CHRISTMAS

see details on coupon

THIS WAY to £500 CASH

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Present For Britannia	Load Of Mischief
Old Man 1958	Those Frenzied Fans
On The Christmas Stage	Crackers
The Average Woman	It's A Horror Film, So
Criticism's Brickbats	If I May Say So
Jingle Of Sleigh-bells	Being Awkward
Greed, Envy And Hatred	At The Joneses' Party
Round The Telly	A Ghostly Knocking
Cheap	On Tiptoe
For The Masses	Blushing Like A Schoolgirl

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

A New.....Of Life
The Terrible.....
When It Comes To.....
Just What She.....
Decorating The.....
.....Went To Town And

EXAMPLE	FEE, 6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B	

£75 TV for CHRISTMAS

Choice of £75 TV for Christmas for highest prize-winner whose fifth Bullet upon a coupon (or plain-paper entry sheet) is the successful effort.

2,169 Post not later than last collection on **MON., DEC. 1**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

£2,500 CHRISTMAS "BULLETIN"

I enclose my entry for Bullets No. 2,169 with this Gift Label. Please send me free and post-free on December 15 the SPECIAL DECEMBER "BULLETIN" WITH CHRISTMAS COLOUR!

FREE

Name.....

Address.....

880

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,164 Result:

£1,000 Car-plus-Cash Award: R. K. Chappell, 68 Catford Hill, London, S.E.6:
The Uno Umbrella—Replacing Mankind's "White Stick"?

£50 A. E. Newton, 123 Tile Kiln Lane, Bexley: **On The Safe Side—Backing H-bombs And Pensions!**

£25 Mrs. M. Spalle, c/o 19 Barton Road, Lancaster: **Colonel Chutneigh's Dream—Soon A Lunar Poosa!**

£20 J. S. Cartwright, "Ingleside," Clarence Gardens, Bishop Auckland: **The Wise—Get Aboard—Get Aboard!**

£15 W. Lapish, 10 Wenson Avenue, Lenton Abbey, Nottingham: **Why We're On—Doctor's Mat — "Helter - skelter" Existence?**

£10 R. Scott, 23 Ethel Terrace, West Harton, South Shields: **Vital To Britain—Sleeves Up, Mister Brown!**

£9 S. Oliver, 25 Victoria Place, Stoke, Plymouth: **Wind From The East—Carrying More Poppy "Seeds"?**

£8 Mrs. R. Payne, 16 Gladsmuir Road, London, N.19: **Saving Up For Home—Children, Grandchildren — Suddenly, Pensioners!**

£7 P. V. Lynn, 86 West Street, Dunstable: **Clanking Machinery—Bridegroom—But Own Limousine!**

£6 Mrs. E. Turner, 21 Bulstrode Road, Hounslow, Middlesex: **The Worst Of Having — Hump — "Level Best" Suffers.**

For ten winners of £5 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 2,150 other Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Free submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated December 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 13, for early news of No. 2,169 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,169, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

NEXT WEEK £2,000 XMAS COLOSSUS!

The most welcome gift of all!

18/- bottle · 9/6 half-bottle

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